ADVERTISING RATES.

	3t	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos	1yr.
One Square . .	1.50	1.75	3.50	6.50	12.0
Two Squares . .	3.00	3.50	6.50	9.00	20.0
Three Squares . .	4.50	6.25	9.00	17.00	25.0
Six Squares, . . .		11.50	17.00	25.00	45.0
Quarter Column . .		13.50	22.00	40.00	60.0
Half Column . . .		20.00	40.00	60.00	110.0
One Column : .		30.00	60.00	110 00	200.0

Professional Cards $1.00 per line per year.

Administrator's and Auditor's Notices, $3.00

City Notices, 20 cents per line 1st insertion 15 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Ten lines agate constitute a square.

ROBERT IREDELL, JR., PUBLISHER,

ALLENTOWN, PA.

Dry Goods.

LeMAISTRE & ROSS,

212 North Eighth Street, Phila.

By confining themselves to a special line of goods and doing a large trade are able to buy and sell cheaper than those who deal in a more general way. Not a thing desirable is wanting to make up the most thorough stock of

WHITE GOODS,

All sorts of Laces, and at this season a specialty is made of

NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS

by the pair, and curtain lace by the yard. The choicest stock of Vestibule Laces to be found.

Our 2700 pieces, representing more than 36 000 yards of

HAMBURG EDGINGS AND INSERTINGS

All select patterns and button-hole edged.

Bias tucking and bias tucking combinations made solely for their own sales.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

may 1-tfw

E. S. SHIMER.] OUR [A. S. SHIMER.

Increase in Businses

NECESSITATED INCREASE

IN STOCK!

SPRING AND SUMMER

ANNOUNCEMENT

OF

DAILY ARRIVALS,

AT THE

"MAMMOTH STORES."

OF

E. S. SHIMER & CO.,

705 AND 707

HAMILTON ST., ALLENTOWN, PA.,

OF

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS

OUR STOCK is entirely too extensive to enumerate articles, and will only say, that it is full and complete in every particular, comprising all the different novelties of the season, and at prices that cannot be undersold by any one. We keep everything usually kept in a well regulated Store. In

DRESS GOODS

Such as *BLACK SILKS,*
FANCY COLORED SILKS,
FANCY STRIPED SILKS,
JAPANESE STRIPED SILKS,
BLACK MOHAIR and ALPACAS,
BLACK WOOL DELAINES
BLACK BOMBAZINES and CANTON CLOTH,
ALEXES CLOTH all SHADES
CRETONS, LATEST STYLES,
LIGHT WEIGHT POPLINS,
COLORED MOHAIRS
COLORED ALPACAS,
CHENE DRESS GOODS, &c.

DOLLY VARDENS,

of every possible description and design.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!

CASHMERE,
THIBET,
BROCHE and
FANCY and
STRIPED SHAWLS.

WHITE GOODS!

Plain and Plaid Nainsooks, Victoria Lawns, French Nainsooks and Organdies, Piques and Marsailles, Swiss Cambrics, &c.

MARSAILLES SPREADS,

EMBROIDERIES,

HAMBURG EDGINGS, LACES and INSERTINGS.

PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS,

FANS, &C.

Cloths and Cassimeres,

Prints, Sheetings, Checks, Tickings, Cottonades, Kentucky Jeans, Denims, Chambray, Flannels, &c.

ALSO, ALL KINDS OF

GRO CERIES

WOOL and other Produce taken in exchange for Goods, for which we pay the highest market price.

Respectfully,
E. S. SHIMER & CO.,
Nos. 705 and 707 Hamilton Street,
april7-tf w] ALLENTOWN, PA.

TO THE PUBLIC.

REMOVAL.

OUR NEW STORE.

GUTH & KERN,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS,

WOULD most respectfully call the attention of their friends, customers, and the public generally, to the fact that they have just removed to their newly and elegantly fitted up STORE BUILDING, one door west of their former location, and immediately adjoining the First National Bank, being the building formerly occupied by Schreiber Bros, where they propose to continue e

DRY GOODS BUSINESS

in all its varied branches. They have the finest, best and cheapest stock of GOODS ever offered to the public, embracing everything that the public can wish. They would especially invite the attention of all, to their fine assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.

This department they flatter themselves to be the best ever offered to the public of Allentown and vicinity, for style, quality and cheapness, goods of the most approved patterns, &c., consisting of

Black and Fancy Silks, Black and Fancy Silk Poplins Black and Fancy Mohairs Black and Fancy Alpacas, Black and Colored Striped Suitings, Black Bombazines, Black Australian Crape, Black Poplins, Black Velveteens, Silk Velvet, Satin Striped Versailles Cloth, Satin Striped Lorne Robes, Silk Striped Mohair, Silk Figured Sultana, Brocade Japanese Silks, Brocade Poplins, Serge Wool Plaids

Scotch Wool Plaids, Cord and Colored Velveteens, English and French Chintzes, Plaid Poplins, Plaid Chintzes, Plaid Nainsooks, Broche, Thibet, Helena, Saratoga, Vigilia, Long Branch, Niagara and Watervliet Long and Square SHAWLS, in GREAT VARIETY.

☞CALL and SEE.☜

As they are buying strictly for cash, they flatter themselves that they can offer great inducements to parties wishing to buy good Goods at reasonable prices.

They only ask the public to give them a call and examine their stock, and compare prices and quality. They defy competition.

Thankful for past favors, they will endeavor to merit a continuance of the patronage of their old customers, as well as of all new comers.

HIRAM GUTH] [THOS. KERN.
Jan 24-3m d jan31-3m w

HAPSUS,

The great remedy for bots, colic, and all diseases of the stomach and bowels in horses. *Cures every case.*

SHOULD BE IN EVERY STABLE.

Sent free by mail for Fifty Cents.

AGENTS wanted everywhere. A. SWYDAM,
apr3-w6m] [illegible] C. H., W. Va.

VOL. XXVI.

LUMBER! LUMBER!!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL!

HOFFMAN'S

STEAM SAW MILL

AND

LUMBER YARD!

KINDLING!

BILLS CUT TO ORDER

OFFICE AT THE MILL,

FRONT AND LINDEN STS.

WHITE AND BLACK OAK SAW LOGS wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid upon delivery. d-w july 12-1y

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE CITY TREASURER,
ALLENTOWN, March 29, 1872.

Notice is hereby given that the Duplicate for the collection of Water Rents for the ensuing year has been placed in the hands of the undersigned, in accordance with the provisions of the 3d Section of an Ordinance regulating the distribution of water in the City of Allentown, as follows:

"SEC. 3. That all rents for the use of the water shall be payable in advance to the first day of April next after the contract, and annually in advance from that day, to the City Treasurer, at his office or his place of business, and to all rents remaining unpaid on the 30th day of said month of April there shall be added 5 per cent., and to rents remaining unpaid on the first day of June following there shall be added 10 per cent., and to all rents remaining unpaid on the first day of July thereafter there shall be added 20 per cent., which amount shall be collected with the said rents, and all delinquents at that date. The Treasurer is forthwith to give the person owning the premises a written note of said delinquencies, stating the amount of rent including the amount of per centage for non payment in full to said date, and on the failure of the delinquents to make the required payment within ten days after date thereof, it shall be the duty of the Water Committee forthwith to cause the ferrules of such delinquents to be detached from the pipe of conduit, and cause suits to be instituted for the recovery of the rents and per centage so due, as well as for all expenses incurred in detaching the ferrules." By order of the Committee.

JONATHAN REICHARD, City Treasurer.

may2-9wd may8 9tw

WINDOW SHADES!

and Hollands, all colors, plain and bordered, at

SAMUEL G. KERR'S,
632 Hamilton Street,
(Next door to Guth & Kern's.)

A. R. WITTMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CIVIL ENGINEER

T. B. LEISENRING

INSURANCE AGENT, FIRE, LIFE, AND LIVE STOCK

WITTMAN & LEISENRING

Real Estate Agents and Scriveners.
708 HAMILTON STREET, (Up-Stairs.)

Have upon their books some very desirable properties which will be sold at low prices and on easy terms among which are the following:

142 N. Eleventh Street.
321 N. Fountain Street.
8 1 Hamilton Street.
843 " "
101 North Tenth Street.
448. Fifth Street.
230 N. Ninth Street.
438 N. Seventh Street.
120 S. Ninth Street.
Vacant Lots in all parts of the city.

The Moth-Proof Chest Co.,

Of Philadelphia, Pa.

Incorporated Aug., 1871.

IS NOW MANUFACTURING AIR-TIGHT, CEDAR-LINED CHESTS and TRUNKS, of various sizes, PAPER BOXES for MUFFS, HATS, CAPES, CUFFS, COATS and whole Suits, of every description. These articles are fully secured by letters patent of the U. S., and are believed to be among the most desirable of anything now seeking the public favor. Agents and Dealers wanted to introduce them in every town in the U. S., to whom a liberal discount will be given.

Address, JNO. W. FRANCIS, Sec'y,
M. P. C. Co.,
436 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

mar27 3m d&w]

GAS FIXTURES.

THACKARA, BUCK & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS,

Have just opened at their wholesale and retail salesroom

718 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

NEW STYLES OF

GAS FIXTURES,

TO WHICH THEY INVITE THE ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS.

Their new styles, color and finish are unsurpassed

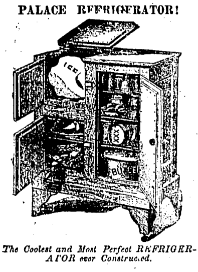
LOW PRICES.

They also invite the attention of the public to their fine assortment of Bronzes, &c. [apr26-3md&w

JEWETT'S

PATENT

PALACE REFRIGERATOR!



The Coolest and Most Perfect REFRIGERATOR ever Constructed.

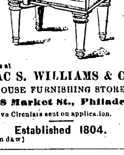
ALSO,
SAVERY'S PATENT COMBINED

Dining Room Water Cooler

AND

REFRIGERATOR.

PORCELAIN LINED.



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ISAAC S. WILLIAMS & CO'S.

HOUSE FURNISHING STORE,

No. 728 Market St., Philadelphia.

Descriptive Circulars sent on application.

Established 1804.

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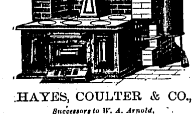


HAYES, COULTER & CO.,

Successors to W. A. Arnold,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Heaters, Ranges, Low Grates,

AND

MARBLEIZED SLATE MANTELS,

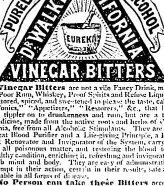
No. 1305 Chestnut St.,

PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Send for catalogue [my7-6md&w

The Lehig

ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDN



Vinegar Bitters are not a vile Fancy Drink, made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced, and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the Great Blood Purifier and a Life-giving Principle, a Perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter, and restoring the blood to a healthy condition, enriching it, refreshing and invigorating both mind and body. They are easy of administration, prompt in their action, certain in their results, safe and reliable in all forms of disease.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion. Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. In these complaints it has no equal, and one bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, and in Bilious Diseases.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

Grateful thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist: There is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

Mechanical Diseases. Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, will be subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS once or twice a week as a Preventive.

Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. There are always more or less obstructions of the liver, a weakness and irritable state of the stomach, and great torpor of the bowels, being clogged up with vitiated accumulations. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goiter, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc., etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters act on all these cases in a similar manner. By purifying the Blood they remove the cause, and by resolving away the effects of the inflammation (the tubercular deposits) the affected parts receive health, and a permanent cure is effected.

The properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic and Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

The Aperient and mild Laxative properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are the best safeguard in all cases of eruptions and malignant fevers, their balsamic, healing, and soothing properties protect the humors of the fauces. Their Sedative properties allay pain in the nervous system, stomach, and bowels, either from inflammation, wind, colic, cramps, etc. Their Counter-Irritant influence extends throughout the system. Their Diuretic properties act on the Kidneys, correcting and regulating the flow of urine. Their Anti-Bilious properties stimulate the liver, in the secretion of bile, and its discharges through the biliary ducts, and are superior to all remedial agents, for the cure of Bilious Fever, Fever and Ague, etc.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus forearmed. The liver, the stomach, the bowels, the kidneys, and the nerves are rendered disease-proof by this great invigorant.

The Efficacy of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, in Chronic Dyspepsia, Fevers, Nervous Disorders, Constipation, deficiency of vital power, and all diseases affecting the stomach, liver, bowels, pulmonary organs, or muscular system, has been experienced by hundreds of thousands, and hundreds of thousands more are asking for the same relief.

Directions.—Take of the Bitters on going to bed at night from a half to one and one half wineglassfull. Eat good nourishing food, such as beefsteak, mutton chop, venison, roast beef, and vegetables, and take outdoor exercise. They are composed of purely vegetable ingredients, and contain no spirits.

J. WALKER, Prop'r. **R. H. McDONALD & CO.,**
Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, Cal.,
and corner of Washington and Charlton Sts., New York.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

march 23-3m.d&w

MATTINGS !

Canton, Cocoa, and Cane.

Mats, Rugs Hassocks, Carpet-Lining, Stairpads, and everything pertaining to a well appointed Carpet Store, at

SAMUEL G. KERR'S
632 Hamilton St.,
may13-tf[d] ALLENTOWN.

DRS. JORDAN & DAVIESON,

Proprietors of the

Gallery of Anatomy and Museum of Science,

807 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA.

Have just published a new edition of their lectures, containing most valuable information on the causes, consequences and treatment of diseases of the reproductive system, with REMARKS ON MARRIAGE and the various causes of the LOSS OF MANHOOD, with full instructions for its complete restoration; also a chapter on VENEREAL INFECTION, and the MEANS OF CURE, being the most COMPREHENSIVE WORK on the subject ever yet published—comprising 200 pages. Mailed free to any address for Twenty-five cents.

Address Drs. JORDAN & DAVIESON.
CONSULTING OFFICE,
1625 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.
sep 29-1y d&w

CAUTION.

To families who use the Kerosene or Combination Oils Kerosene Oil is not safe unless it's from 110 to 120 degrees which you can always find at the well known China Store of

WM. REIMER
611 HAMILTON STREET,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

Also, anything in the CHINA, GLASS or QUEENS WARE line at the very lowest rates, and always the very best

ENGLISH WARE,

warranted not to graze.

N. B.—In regard to the Combination Oil, which agents tell you is non-explosive, I have thoroughly tested it and I say it is *Explosive and Dangerous*. I can refer to five explosions in one week in this city where the Combination Oil was in use.

oct20- d WM. REIMER.

LADIES' HAIR BRAIDS,

1 yard long, very full	$11 00
30 inches long, very full	7 00
Diadem Braids across the head, very thick, without rolls	4 00
Long Side Curls, Natural	2 00
Very Long Side Curls, Natural	3 00
Frizettes	

GUARANTEE FOR
REAL NATURAL HAIR.
LOUIS BALZER,
[may1-3md&w] 120 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA.

CARPETS.

A large assortment in Brussels of the newest Styles, in Single and Double Widths, at

SAMUEL G. KERR'S
CARPET WAREHOUSE,
632 Hamilton St.

All the new colors in Three-Ply, Ingrain, Damask and Venetian Carpets at

SAMUEL G. KERR'S POPULAR STORE,
632 Hamilton St., Allentown.

SAMUEL A. BUTZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office, No. 634 Hamilton street, over Schreiber's store, ALLENTOWN PA. [d&w

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

CHAPTER I.

A BEAUTIFUL BUT DANGEROUS HEROINE.

Miss Cranston, a very accomplished woman, kept a female school near Blanton, a quiet town in New Jersey. This place had been selected by Mrs. Blake, the mother of one of the Rival Sisters, as her home, on account of the reputation of the school. Mrs. Blake made her advent in Blanton in the character of a widow who had recently lost her husband, and she brought with her a daughter ten years of age, named Hester, who was placed with Miss Cranston as a pupil.

Hester Blake was a remarkable child.

Miss Cranston found her a curious study.

"If she is not tempted, all may go well with her," thought the old lady; "but if she is—" and the ominous shake of the head expressed more than words.

Mrs. Blake had fifteen hundred dollars a year, which she stated was derived from property in the South; but where it was situated, and in what place she had lived before she made her advent in Blanton, was a matter of conjecture. No amount of pumping had been successful in extracting such information from either mother or daughter.

For a few years the stranger lived almost alone, for her friendless advent among them had not inspired her neighbors with much confidence in her antecedents; but as time went on, she won upon the good opinion of those around her, and at the time my story opens, Mrs. Blake was received as a guest by the best families in the village.

People did not trust her, but they admired and pitied her; for they said "she is goodly to look at, and she has evidently been a sufferer in the battle of life." Ah! if they had known how, and under what circumstances that battle had been waged, I am inclined to think that the reputed widow would have found few friends or defenders in that strait laced neighborhood.

The cottage occupied by Mrs. Blake stood about a mile from the town. It was a comfortable house, with a veranda in front, over which flowering vines were trained, and the large yard that surrounded it was shaded by elm trees.

She was now dreamily regarding her daughter, who stood in front of a mirror combing out a mass of black glistening hair.

The figure of the girl was modelled after that of her mother; there was the same perfection of outline; the same sinuous, elastic movement; but the faces were not alike.

She suddenly turned, and facing her mother, said:

"The dull monotony of this place is becoming unendurable to me. I wish to see something of the world—I *must* see it, mother."

With a sigh, Mrs. Blake said:

"Sit down on that low chair, and try to be quiet while I speak of things I had almost determined never to reveal to you."

Hester sat down, and prepared to listen to what she had so long desired to know.

Mrs. Blake at length spoke:

"You ask me how it happened that I was cast off by the man I adored?—why he was permitted to wrong me so bitterly as to bring to his home another wife while I yet lived and suffered?

"I must go back to my early life, and tell you of myself before I became the wife of Armand Landry. My father was a dissipated, reckless man, who owned a small place near Le Bocage, as the Landry plantation was called. I was his only child. I was educated in a convent school in France, till I was nearly eighteen years old. Then my aunt took me home, having already arranged a marriage for me. I was not consulted, but I did not rebel against it, for Claude Beltot was young and good looking, and I preferred remaining in France as his wife, to returning to the dullness of plantation life.

"My father gave me twenty thousand francs as my dower, and Beltot expected to get much more from him. I think that prospect induced him to marry me, for I soon found that he was as indifferent to me as I was to him.

"Indifference soon merged into contempt on my side, and something like aversion on his. We had evidently made a wretched mistake, and we were glad to separate by mutual consent. I returned to Louisiana, and Beltot went to Algeria.

"When I came back to my early home I found my father living as recklessly as ever.

"Among the young men who came to his house was Armand Landry. He was two years younger than I, for he had not completed his twentieth year when I first met him. He soon forsook the gaming table to linger near me, and I—well—I was mad enough to give him the heart my husband had never tried to win. I loved him to that degree that I thought life would be worthless unless it was shared with him.

"Armand seemed devoted to me, but he never asked me to marry him. He knew that his proud old father would look with scorn on the daughter of such a man as my father was.

"My father swore that Armand should yet be my husband, and for that purpose he obtained a divorce for me from Beltot. I was so infatuated that I cared little by what means Armand was to be ensnared, provided I became his wife. I entered into his plans, shameful as they were, and allowed myself to be united to a man who had been lured again to our house, and when incapable of acting for himself, was pronounced my husband by a missionary who had been so short a time in the country that he knew nothing of the wrong he was helping to carry into effect. He was brought to the house a few moments before the ceremony was performed, and left immediately afterward.

"A time had been chosen when the elder Landry was absent from home. I believed that Armand loved me as truly as I did him.

"It was several weeks before he recovered all the natural energy of his mind, and I began once to fear that he would be permanently injured by the drug I had permitted to be administered to him. But the time came when he fully understood the position in which he was placed, and then—such scenes as passed between us I cannot describe. He fiercely resented the part I had taken in entrapping him into a marriage that would be odious to his proud father, and declared that he could never forgive me.

"Vainly I tried all my powers of fascination to enthrall him, and win forgiveness from him.

"As soon as he was well enough to leave the house, he went off in search of his father, in spite of all I could do to detain him. His father instituted proceedings for a divorce, after sending Armand to Europe to make a tour, in company with Mr. Russell and his two daughters.

"When I heard that I was devoured with jealousy; for Ellinor Russell was the young lady who had been chosen by Mr. Landry for his son's wife, and report said that she was both rich and charming. I afterward learned he was betrothed to Miss Russell.

"When this happened, you were but a few weeks old, and I was left with you to take care of, and little enough to do it with.

"Ah! how I hated that fair beauty who had caused me so much woe! Many a night, after you were asleep, have I stolen from my cottage, and made my way to the stately home in which that woman dwelt, surrounded by loving care that of right belonged to me. Concealed in the shrubbery, I have listened to *his* voice speaking to her in accents of deeper tenderness than he had ever used to me, and I vowed within my soul that I would find means to blight the happiness they seemed to find in each other. They were married.

"My hate culminated when a daughter was born who was destined to fill the place in your father's house of which you had been defrauded.

"Your half-sister is two years younger than you, and in your childhood you were so much alike that but for the difference in size you might have been taken for twins.

Armand's joy in his new treasure was soon turned to sadness, for the health of his wife began to fail. She faded slowly away with a mysterious disease. Everything was tried that promised relief, but the spell of an evil eye was upon her, and there was no help for her.

"The doctors said it was the climate that did not suit her, but I knew better than that.

"She was taken away for change of air, but Zelma, the woman that went with her as nurse, was one of the slaves that had belonged to my father, and was devoted to me.

"Mrs. Landry lingered for many months, but she at last died, when you were five years old.

"The years passed on, and Armand was travelling in Europe, rarely writing home, and never sending me a line.

"You were ten years old when he came back. Zelma was dead, and I felt safe now that the only one who could accuse me of instigating the death of Ellinor Russell was gone.

"But all my hopes were fearfully dashed to the earth; for he brought with him a young wife, a cousin of Ellinor's, and also an heiress. They stopped in New Orleans, and from there Armand wrote to me the following lines:

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NESDAY MORNING, JU

"New Orleans, October 30th, 18—.

"I write to you, Hagar, to say that no option will be allowed you as to your removal from the vicinity of me and mine.

"I came back to my native land, bringing with me a cousin of my lost one as my wife, the resemblance in person and character between the two attracting me irresistibly to Helen.

"I might have taken her to Le Bocage to meet the same terrible fate, had I not here encountered the priest who attended Zelma in her last illness, and *received her confession.*

"Ah, my heart, I cannot write it!

"Go far away—take your daughter.

"I am not rich in my own right, but when she is old enough to marry, I will give her a suitable dower. This is all I can, or will do.

"Armand Landry."

"I had nothing to do but obey Armand's command," continued Mrs. Blake, "and so I came hither with you, where we have lived till now. This is my history."

CHAPTER II.

A PHYSICIAN IN LOVE WITH THE DAUGHTER—A FIENDISH PLOT.

There was residing in the same village with Mrs. Blake and her daughter a physician, twenty-eight or thirty years of age—Dr. Macon—who for two years had been ardently in love with the daughter. She had toyed and trifled with him during all that time; but he had finally insisted upon a decided answer to his suit, and on that very evening he was coming to learn his fate. As he approached the house he overheard the voices of mother and daughter engaged in close conversation, and drawing near to the window and meanly listening, he had obtained full possession of the terrible secret of Mrs Blake's life. Madly in love, and utterly unscrupulous, he at once determined to make any use which might be necessary of his newly acquired advantage to secure the hand of Hester.

On that very evening Dr. Macon was engaged to take tea with Mrs. Blake and her daughter; but their old housekeeper returned from the village with the intelligence that a shocking railroad accident had occurred in the vicinity, and the Doctor had hastened off to the assistance of the wounded.

On the return of Dr. Macon he called upon Mrs. Blake and surprised her with the information that among the hurt was Armand Landry, mortally injured! He was accompanied by his daughter, the half-sister of Hester, and she had been stunned by a blow on the head. They were both lying at a farm-house near by, and Mr. Landry, knowing that he must die, had requested that Hester should visit him the next morning, that he might inform her of the pecuniary provision which he had made for her support.

And now was concocted one of the most fiendish plots ever devised by the human mind. It was suggested by Mrs. Blake, and acquiesced in by Dr. Macon and Hester, that the half sister, who was still unconscious, should be kept in a state of imbecility by drugs which the Doctor should skillfully administer to her for that purpose, and Hester—whose resemblance to her was so close as to defy detection—should usurp her place as heiress of the immense estates entailed upon the half sister through her mother.

The inducement to Dr. Macon was Hester's promise, on the accomplishment of the scheme, to become his wife.

But when Hester came to read over the letters which lay concealed in the bottom of her half-sister's trunk she found among them several from Raymond DeLorme, a handsome young man whom she remembered as her own first lover at the South, when she was little more than a mere child. These letters were written in a most impassioned strain, and showed that between him and his fair correspondent—Estelle Landry, Hester's now stricken half-sister—a marriage engagement existed.

No sooner had Hester discovered this fact than her old love for DeLorme was rekindled, and she resolved at once to have him also, as well as Estelle's fortune, let whatever obstacles might be in the way. He was now absent in Europe, to remain a year or two, and her purpose must be carefully concealed from Dr. Macon; but, come what would, the young man should yet be hers!

Mrs. Blake's housekeeper, Mrs. Muller, a German woman with an American education, was a great gossip, and a cunning, selfish, evil minded woman. Hester, at her mother's suggestion, had turned the key on the outside of Mrs. Muller's sleeping room, while their infernal plot had been planned; but the suspicious woman happened to be awake, and she had risen and emerging through a window creeped around where she could listen to all they said. She too, now, meant to have her profit out of the scheme, the secret of which she had obtained unknown to them.

On the following day Mr. Landry felt his end rapidly approaching. He had forbidden peremptorily that Mrs. Blake should be admitted to his presence; but Mrs. Blake had determined to see him before he died. He was very anxious for a confessor; and was finally told that although there was no priest accessible, a Sister of Charity might be obtained. This assurance afforded him great relief, and he desired that no time might be lost in sending for her.

Mrs. Blake determined to improve this opportunity to see him, without his recognizing her, and to visit him in the disguise of a Sister.

It was arranged that after night, when the room was dimly lighted by a single candle, she would go in and listen to such confessions as he wished to make. In them, if he spoke of her tenderly, compassionately, she would forego the dire vengence she had planned to inflict on him when he lay helpless before her, breathing his soul away in doubt and dread of what the future life might bring to him. If he judged her hardly and cruelly at the last, she would have no mercy on him.

When Eunice, a deaf and dumb servant girl at the farm-house, was safely asleep, Mrs. Blake made such alteration in her dress as was necessary. A white handkerchief was drawn low down on her forehead, and folded over her face in such a manner as to conceal the greater portion of it, and Macon's black silk cravat was smoothed out and tied over that, in the form of the hoods worn by Catholic nuns when walking abroad. She then entered the feebly lighted room, and sat down in the chair which Hester resigned at her approach. At the movement, the dying man unclosed his eyes, and in a faint voice, said:

"How good you were to come to me in this extremity. This young girl has explained to me that you consented to do so as soon as you heard that a son of Mother Church needed your help;" but some subtle power must have conveyed to him the knowledge that something inimical had approached him, for he suddenly seemed to struggle with some deadly oppression, and sinking back, he murmured:

"Too late! I fear that I shall die before I can say what I wished. I must confess—must have absolution, for I have sinned. But I have suffered—how bitter a cup I have drained in atonement of the one act of my life which brought unhappiness to one who thought she had the right to avenge herself upon me."

In a voice scarcely above a whisper, Mrs. Blake said:

"My son, forgive as you hope to be forgiven, and all will be well with you."

"Ah! that is what I cannot do; for there is one sin and one sinner that I have not forgiven. But for that I could die in peace."

"Was the wrong against you so unmerited, that you feel thus bitterly?"

"Unmerited! Yes; I assert that, and I believe it. She who committed it was one I did not love, though I was tricked into a marriage with her."

In a faltering voice Mrs. Blake said:

"You did not *love* her! Are you quite sure of that?"

Landry was too deeply absorbed in his own thoughts to notice the menacing tone that thrilled through the muffled voice of the speaker.

"No I never loved her."

"Is it just to lay all the blame upon the woman who risked so much to gain a legal claim upon you? To those who have loved truly, much should be forgiven; and she, you say, loved you."

"I gave her all that she had a right to claim at my hands—and had she so willed it, would have sent her from me as free from reproach as in the hour of our first unfortunate meeting. But she would not go. I was very young. I loved the child she gave me, and through her the mother hoped, if I were free again, to win me back, and—and— I cannot tell you what she did in return for the forbearance I had shown toward her. It is *her* secret, and I will not reveal it even in this hour, but it is that which I now find it impossible to forgive. If you can give me absolution, knowing that, I will accept it gladly at your hands, although you are not one of the accredited ministers of our Holy Church."

The heart of Mrs. Blake hardened as she listened. She felt the blood surging through her veins with fiery swiftness, and all the passion of her tropical nature burst forth.

She tore the shrouding folds from her head and face, and started to her feet, standing over him as a menacing fate, as she mockingly said:

"Such consolation as *I* can give, you are welcome to, Armand Landry. Whether it will facilitate your entrance to the Paradise in

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UNE 19, 1872.

which your lost Elinor dwells, or into the Hades in which *I* shall hereafter claim you, I leave you to imagine. Look at the woman you cast off so lightly—the woman who believed that you loved her—and cower before her glance as you soon will shrink before that of the Omnipotent Being who will judge between us."

"You—*you* here!" he exclaimed, in a loud harsh voice. "How dare you approach me? How dare you profane the sacred character you have assumed for the purpose of intruding upon a presence that was forbidden you? Hagar Blake you have been the curse of my life, and in death you persecute me still. *Go!* I command you to leave this room unpoluted by the presence of a murderess."

Hagar's eyes blazed back defiance, and she tauntingly said:

You are in no position *now* to enforce your will. You are in my power, not I in yours, and I intend to pay you back drop for drop, for all the bitterness you have poured into my cup and forced me to drink."

The features of Landry were blanched to the hue of death, and his black eyes gleamed fiercely from their pallid setting, as he hoarsely asked:

"By whose connivance were you permitted to enter here? If Hester or her betrothed husband aided you, it will be the worse for them, for in that case I will give her nothing. The paper I caused her to write this morning will be valueless unless it is signed and witnessed, and now I will do neither."

"Oh, you threaten me with consequences, do you?" she mockingly asked; but let me assure you that it is a matter of indifference to me, and also to my daughter, whether that paper is valueless or not. We have settled our plans, and rave against them as you may, you will be powerless to prevent them from being carried into effect. Hester will not accept the paltry provision you have so maganimously made for her; she will claim what is hers, in justice at least—the half of the estate which is now held by your other children."

"Woman! what do you mean by that? Ah! my God! have I fallen into a den of thieves? Is there no one to help me?"

His voice broke suddenly, and he fell back upon his pillows gasping for breath.

"*No one!*" repeated Mrs Blake, with stern emphasis. "You are in this solitary country house, entirely at my mercy, and that of those who are willing to do all that I wish. The darling daughter on whom you have lavished so much indulgence lies stricken into idiocy by the injuries her head has received. She will never more walk the earth in pride, looking down in scorn upon the sister whom you have bequeathed to her compassion. In place of that I have decreed, that the two shall change places, and the child of your adored Elinor shall stay with *me*, while *my* daughter assumes the station of the heiress, and wears the honors of her father's house. The two sisters are so much alike that no one will ever be able to distinguish the true one from her counterfeit."

The listener felt that the shock of this announcement had shortened his brief span of life; he knew that the death clutch was already on his vitals; but he rallied his last remaining strength, and said, with solemn emphasis:

"If you consummate this wickedness, I leave to you, and to the imposter who will take the place of my darling, my undying malediction. God is over all, and he will not permit such villainy to go unpunished, even in this world."

Mrs. Blake unclosed her lips to reply, but Landry raised his hand appealingly, a change passed over his sunken face, and with a prayer on his lips in behalf of his favorite child he passed away.

Hester arrayed herself in a black dress which she found in Estelle's trunk, and assuming the name and character of her half-sister, prepared, on the following day, to accompany the remains of her father to New Orleans, for burial, in company with Herbert Spencer, a young man from Boston, a cousin of Raymond De Lorme's, who had been sent on by the family relations for that purpose. What happened there, and indeed the whole of the thrilling story of the rival half-sisters, Hester and Estelle, will be found in the New York Ledger, which is now ready and can be had at all the book-stores and news depots. Ask for the number dated June 22, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here.

Aunt Polly Quimby's Burglar.

Oh my, but didn't the wind blow? When I went around the house that night, locking doors and windows before going to bed, there was just a breath of a breeze singing about—nothing more; but by the time I had fairly plumped upon the pillow, the gale was going it like mad. When I first came to this western country, I used to be surprised at the quick unceremonious way storms had of coming upon people—half the time it seemed to me out of a clear, innocent-looking sky.

In my old home I prided myself upon reading the signs of skies; but here, goodness me, when I thought it would snow, it was sure to rain, and when I could have taken a solemn oath that the clouds were going to pour, why, whisk they'd go, an ' the sun would shine out as though it was in high glee at having fooled me. So I gave up being a weather-prophet, and took it just as it came.

That night everything out of doors seemed to be in commotion. The loose shingles on the house clattered up and down, the windows shook, the blinds rattled, and half the time it seemed to me that the bed on which I lay would be blown through the side of the house. I know I'm a foolish old woman, but at the thought I couldn't help setting my ruffled nightcap straight, and smoothing back my hair, because if I should go, why, there was Deacon Albee's house right opposite, and —but Lord bless me what *am* I saying!

Well, naturally, I was lonesome enough, without child or chick to speak to, but I did very well until I somehow got it into my head that burglars always choose such nights to do their mischief in. After that I started at every sound, and as there were thumps and clatters on all sides, and in every direction, it isn't to be supposed that I got much rest.

I didn't stop to reason that there was very little in my poor little house to tempt evil-doers. I knew I had forty dollars and eighty cents laid away in my poor departed Jason's old wooden chest, and I felt to lose that would be a terrible thing to me.

The house was a cottage, with a hall running the length of the two rooms—an "L" being built beyond. My room was at the back, opening into the hall and the front room adjoining. So my eyes went first from one door to another, lingering I must say with more dread upon the one leading into the hall.

"If I should be robbed of that forty dollars and eighty cents——" said I to myself. Just then a blind went whack, and springing up in bed, I began to say the prayer my mother taught me—"Now I lay me down to sleep," though I'm sure it looked a great deal more as though I was sitting up to sleep than lying down.

"What an old fool you are, Polly Quimby!" I began to say, aloud, trying to get up my courage by the sound of my own voice.

At that moment I was sure I heard a step in the little hall, and before I had time to move from my place, the door-latch lifted, the door swung back, and there he stood, the very object that I had been dreading, Mr. Burglar himself.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said, in such a way that I found myself in the motion of bowing back, and saying good evening, too.

He was a middle-aged man, with mustache and whiskers, and the brightest eyes that I ever saw in a person's head. The hair on his temples was quite gray. All in all he looked like a respectable Christian gentleman, and not a midnight thief.

"Quite a windy evening, ma'am," he went on, as he stepped into the room. "You must be lonely here by yourself."

Somehow, this touched my temper. I forgot who was speaking, and answered back as tart as could be:

"I prefer to choose my company, sir!"

He laughed, and shrugged up his shoulder.

"You do indeed! So do I. In this case I have my preference—not you."

Then he sat down leisurely in my rocking-chair, and stretched out his feet, as though he intended to stop awhile.

"Will you be so kind, sir, as to go about your business? What do you think of yourself, sir, to be intruding upon the privacy of my rooms at this hour of the night, sir?"

He leaned his head back upon my bright worsted tidy, and laughed fit to kill him self.

"No harm is intended you, my charming woman," he said. "I swear it—no harm is intended you!"

And saying this, he laughed louder and longer than ever.

"Do you come into my house to make game of me before my very eyes?" I asked, my temper pretty much stirred up. "If you were a gentleman, sir——"

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This was too much for him.

"A gentleman? Oh, aw—that's too good? If I professed to be a gentleman, you'd stand a good chance of getting your throat cut without so much as 'by your leave, ma'am,' to begin with! A gentleman? With all my faults, thank heaven, *that* is not among them?"

"You needn't have gone on that way to prove it." I said tartly.

"Well, you are a sharp old damsel, aren't you!" turning his big eyes upon me, and twisting up his mouth in a comical way, which I shall never forget. "I swear, you'd be pretty good looking, if you didn't wear such a wide ruffle on your nightcap. Jolly, isn't it a lunker—big enough for a graveyard fence."

"Sir!" I said, looking very savage.

"Ma'am!" he answered, imitating my voice and tone to perfection.

"Oh, if I were only out of this bed, sir!" I began.

"And pray, madame, what is there to hinder you from getting out, I'd like to know?"

"Do you intend to insult me, you good-for-nothing creature? Oh, if the wind only *would* blow you away."

"If one goes, the other is sure to go, too," he said stolidly.

"If brother Joe would only waken," I said.

He cocked his eye knowingly.

"You want to make me believe that he is in this house somewhere, eh? My dear madame, you are as transparent as air. Had he been under this roof, you would have screamed blue murder long before this time."

"Oh, oh, you varmint!" I groaned in pure agony of spirit. "What *do* you want?"

"Well, ma'am, since that is a fair, honest question, I will attempt to answer it. To begin with, my financial affairs are in a complicated condition. Money, I have but little of—credit, none; so I am forced to levy a trifling tax upon my friends in this and other neighborhoods, to extricate me from my disastrous condition. As soon as I collect a certain amount I intend leaving this country for France or Italy, never, perhaps, to return. Do not shed tears at this, dear madame, for wherever my footsteps tend, your image—ruffled nightcap and all—will remain for ever imprinted upon my heart."

"You old goose!" I said.

"Please do not interrupt me, madame; I have but a few moments longer to stay, and I must to business at once. I have learned that you have deposited in a trunk in an adjoining closet forty dollars and eighty cents. The forty dollars I would like to borrow of you for an indefinite length of time. The eighty cents I do not care anything about. You can retain that, as a trifling evidence of my generosity in this great emergency of my life."

"You are a robber, a thief, then!" I said, spitefully.

"Either, at your service, madame," rising and making a bow for all the world like a French dancing-master. "Now, the money, if you please."

He wasn't joking now. There was a determined look in his eyes and about his mouth.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," he said, speaking just like a preacher.

"And he that steals from the poor, what of him?"

"My Bible does not dispose of his case especially, madame."

"And you came here to rob me—me, a poor woman?"

"I came to borrow of you, for an uncertain length of time."

I saw it was useless to waste words with him, besides, I didn't altogether like the look in his eyes. I closed my lips tightly together, resolving that I would not speak again.

"If you've no objection, ma'am, I'll look around a bit," he said, taking up the lamp as he spoke. "If I hear any noise from you my dear, or if I see in any way you are becoming nervous, I shall be obliged to quiet you by the use of———"

He held up a small vial.

"Chloroform!" I gasped.

"At your service, madame."

"It would be the death of me," I moaned.

"I should be sorry to bring such a loss to the world, but, believe me, all that rests in your own hands. This door leads into the closet where the trunk is, I believe," he said, making straight for the closet where my forty dollars were put away for safekeeping.

I didn't say a word. To tell the truth, the chloroform had scared me nearly out of my wits. He turned the key in the door (I had always kept it locked), and glanced into the closet. It was large, and the trunk was at the further end of it. Let me say here that this closet or storeroom was in the "L" part of the house, fully a foot lower than my room, Mr. Burglar was not acquainted with this fact. Glancing toward me with his sharp eyes, to see if I was quiet, he took a step forward and went sprawling upon all-fours. I don't know to this day how he managed to save the lamp as he did, but it was not broken in the fall, and burned as brightly as ever. My wits came to me here. I sprang as lightly as a cat out of bed, and before he could get upon his feet, I had the door of the closet shut and locked upon him. He grew lamb-like in a moment.

"You've done it now, haven't you, my charming creature? I swear I'm in love with you from this hour to the end of time. You've got me tight and fast. What's the use of money now? I'll take the eighty cents, and you may have the forty dollars, if you will let me out."

"No, sir; I am going to call the neighboas." I said, resolutely.

"Going with that nightcap on? You'll make your fortune. But don't hurry, that's a dear. Let's have a little friendly talk. Say, I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll let me out."

"Yes, and leave you free to scare some other woman nearly to death—no, sir!"

"Well, then, I'll give you two hundred."

"No, sir."

"Name your price then, dear girl. I suppose every woman has her price—they say every man has."

"No; it wouldn't be right," I said, hesitatingly.

I heard him chuckle:

"First step toward it; she begins to talk of what is right."

I thought of my poor girl out to work by the week, and so anxious to get an education, and I'm sure it isn't to be wondered at if I did begin to think of setting a price. But I said not a word.

"Look here! I'll put five hundred dollars in good sound gold under the door, and you can count it as I push it through piece by piece, if you'll only let me out of this cursed hole. I am smothering."

"Try some chloroform," I whispered through the keyhole.

"Curse the chloroform! *Will* you let me out?"

I had a light by this time, and had slipped into a calico wrapper and my slippers.

"If I got the money, how could I let him out of the closet?" I wondered. "I shouldn't dare to meet him; he'd rob me again, and perhaps murder me." But I said, "I'll take the gold," resolving that I would try to get out of it someway, just for the sake of poor Rebecca, who so much wanted to go to school.

"Your heart is in the right place," he said, and the next moment a big round gold piece came through the wide crack under the door.

"I couldn't withhold an exclamation of delight."

"It's right enough now, isn't it?" he sneered. "There's nothing like gilding over our sins a little. Bah! all the world's alike! Here goes another, and another, and another. Count fast, my pious damsel. I dare say there's no confessional in your Church."

"Is there in yours?"

"Well, if there was, gold gets into that sometimes, they say. Hold fast there; you've got the last clinker; now set me free."

"Wait a minute."

"But I won't wait. I swear I won't."

"Can you he'p yourself?"

"Well, no, not much; but I'm smothering in here. Can't you take pity on a poor fellow?"

"Sit down flat on the floor," I said.

I heard him plump down as obedient as a school boy.

"What next?"

I turned to the kitchen door to see if the lock was all right. Then I turned the key with a sharp click, which sounded to me like the report of a pistol,

"There!" I cried, and sprang into the kitchen, locking the door behind me.

He came out of his prison swearing like a trooper.

"Sharp old Satan, she's locked herself up somewhere," trying the kitchen door as he spoke. "Good night, Madame Do'll—good night! You've got the best of this. You have robbed me. Goot night—get down and say your prayers."

And I did. What is more, I cried like a baby over my money, thinking what it would bring to us.

I never saw the strange burglar again, and in a few weeks Rebecca was comfortably established at school. No one ever knew where the money came from. An uncle died about that time, and some of my neighbors shrewdly suspected that he had left us something; but I had nothing to say upon the subject.

About six months after my adventure, brother Joe came to me one day, and said that he had been stopped in the street by a strange man that morning, and that he had begged him to say to Madame Quimby that *the frill of her night-cap was just a little too wide.* So saying, he passed on. "What did it mean?" Joe asked.

"Nothing, only that he was crazy," I answered, quickly; but my face was as red as a blaze.

MAMMOTH SURGERY.

Tunnelling a Live Elephant with Red Hot Crow Bars—The Old Warrior Romeo a Victim to Scientific Surgery.

From the Chicago Times.

The most colossal surgical operation ever performed upon a living creature was witnessed by a select few in this city on yesterday morning. Everything about the affair was on the most stupendous scale, as the subject himself is the largest bit of flesh and bones now in this country. Of course, this means the elephant Romeo, now performing in this city.

Romeo is getting old; his flesh is slow to heal; and a lack of knowledge how to treat elephant sores, coupled with many misapplied remedies soon placed the old hero in a sad plight. The wounds festered, inflammation increased, bad became worse, until now his legs resemble the catacombs of Rome, being mere receptacles of corruption. When the menagerie reached the city, it became painfully evident that Romeo could not well go any further unless some relief was afforded, and as Chicago is famous for the quality just now, it was determined to take advantage of the respite afforded from travel during a nearly two weeks' stay, and place the great hulk on the stock.

After a full hour spent in slashing, gouging and scraping, during which the poor beast was rid of fifteen or twenty pounds of putrified matter and flesh, and a pound or two of bone the surgeon concluded that sufficient for a day might be the evil thereof, and desisted from that part of the operation, to enter upon another ten-fold more painful and harrowing.

While these excavations had been progressing, men were busy at the furnace heating huge soldering irons, several inches in diameter, to a white heat. These were now brought into requisition to remove the proud flesh. When Dr. Withers approached the animal with the first glowing iron a shiver ran through his frame, and he was disposed to resent any further aggression, but being convinced by the pointed arguments of his keeper that it was all for his good, he issued another large thunder, which was echoed from every cage, and straightened his trunk, and braced himself for further martyrdom.

The red hot iron was now run into tunnel No. 1 the length of about a foot, and a hissing sound, followed by dense volumes of fumes and an intolerable stench, issued from the opening. The poor brute shook like an aspen, made a slight effort or two at resistance, but soon settled into quietness again. Another red hot iron was introduced, again there was a quiver of the whole frame, but this time he only drew up his back and changed his position a trifle.

The blood now began to flow from the caverns to copious supply, a sight that made all the animals of the cat species desperate, and lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas, panthers, wolves and others of the innumerable horde whose cages formed a circle about the martyr, joined in low growls, which were intensified to roars and shrieks as the fumes of the burning flesh filled their nostrils.

When the din and noise were somewhat quieted, the operation was proceeded with, and during the two following hours above thirty red hot irons were thrust into the poor brute's carcass. When the surgeons finally desisted it was not because they believed their task completed, but because the caverns had assumed such dimensions that the two inch irons proved too small to be further effective. Besides Romeo was evidently weakening and getting a little "groggy" from loss of blood.

The openings were then thoroughly washed with lotions, and afterwards carefully bound up.

The old fellow has always displayed a strong predeliction for candy and other sweet things. After the operation, a nice, big stick was proffered to him, but he refused it with a solemn shake of his head.

When the animal's naturally vicious temper is taken into consideration, his noble behavior during the painful operations can only be accounted for on the hypothesis that, with an elephant's proverbial sagacity and fine instinct he was convinced that it would redound to his good. Otherwise he would have strewn his tormentors about like "the leaves on the strand," and might, controlled by a pious inspiration, have knelt on one or two.

The gentlemen who operated upon him express strong hopes for his recovery.

(Romeo subsequently died from the effects of his disease and its treatment.)

The body has been donated by Mr. Forepaugh to the Chicago Medical College, where the mounted skeleton and stuffed skin will be placed in the anatomical museum. Scarcely had "Romeo" breathed his last, when Mr. Forepaugh, with characteristic energy, sent a telegram to his agent in New York, authorizing him to draw upon Jay Cooke & Co. to the amount of $30,000, and directing him to proceed at once by the first steamer to London and purchase the wild and ferocious elephant caged in the British Zoological Gardens, preferring an untamed specimen, because, as he queerly expresses, he will be "less stupid and more ambitious" than one which has been thoroughly subdued.

TICKET AGENTS.

Selling Tickets in Violation of a Statute.

From the Phi'ada. Post of the 10th.

In the Quarter Sessions on Saturday, before Judge Pierce, M. D. Whitesides was put on trial, charged with selling a Pennsylvania Railroad ticket in violation of a statute. The case in question sets forth that any person having purchased a ticket from the railroad company, and not desiring to use it to its full extent, may apply to the company for redemption, and then enacts that if any person, not being an authorized agent for the company, shall sell any ticket for travel on that road, he shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor and punished. The purpose of the act was said to be the prevention of frauds upon travelers. The evidence in this case was that the defendant, described as a citizen of Ohio, came to the city a few days before the convention met and started the business of buying and selling excursion tickets that the delegates would not wish to use.

John E. Dodd, traveling agent for several railroad and steamboat companies, learning of the enterprise, went to the place where defendant was located and saw him buying and selling tickets. A clerk of the Pennsylvania Railroad also went to him and purchased a ticket to Pittsburg for $7, the fare being $10. It was a genuine ticket, nothing fraudulent about it, and the purchaser did not buy it for the purpose of travel.

L. C. Cassidy argued to the court that, as no fraud was committed here, there should be no conviction of a crime, and he did not understand the law to mean that a person having bought for full price a ticket of this company, and not desiring to use it, could not sell it to whom and for what price he pleased, but must apply to the agents of the company.

But the court charged that, for the purpose of this trial, the offense had been sufficiently made out. The questions of law he would reserve to be determined upon a motion in arrest of judgment. A verdict of guilty was rendered, and a motion for a new trial and an arrest of judgment was made.

In no quarter is the nomination of Senator Wilson more heartily indorsed than Indiana, Mr. Colfax's own State. There is a heartiness in the support which the Republican press of that State give to the nomination which leaves no room for doubt. The Fort Wayne Gazette declares that it is a stronger nomination in Indiana than that of Colfax would have been. It is to be remarked that Mr. Colfax had been understood to decline to be a candidate and that Senator Wilson's candidacy was the result of the assurance which his competitor gave him some time ago that he would not be a candidate. It is known, moreover, that Mr. Colfax personally urged Senator Wilson to come out and pledged his influence for him. In Indiana this seems to be well understood, and the nomination of Wilson is commented on accordingly and is perfectly satisfactory.

The Hartford Courant tells the following: "A worthy man in a neighboring town, who labors under the uneuphonious, name of Pigg—uneuphonious, yet highly appropriate to any descendent of Eve, the spare-rib—recently married a lady whose maiden name was Young. A few days since, a child was born to the wedded pair, and a rich uncle of the young 'un, who, like Gilpin, 'loves a timely joke,' promised to heavily endow the boy if the parents would christen him with the maternal name. The fond but thrifty parents consented, and the youth will hereafter be known as "Young Pig." If that youth doesn't rise up and call them all the reverse of blessed he will be a spiritless fellow.