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AND SELL BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS, at a better advantage to the consumer than heretofore, having made addition to my stock on hand, and facilities for making and mending Boots and Shoes according to the latest styles. AT LOWEST PRICES FOR FIRST-CLASS WORK.

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Margianu



VOL. XXV.

TOWSON, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1889.

NO. 1300.

Poelie.

DECEPTION. The year fades, as the West wind sighs And droops in many colored ways, But your soft presence never dies From out the pathway of my days.

The spring is where you are; but still You, far away, to me can bring Sweet flowers and dreams enough to fill A thousand empty worlds with spring. I walk the wet and leafless woods, Your spirit ever floats before,

And lights its russet solitudes With blossoms summer never wore I sit beside my lonely fire, The shadows almost bring your face,

My dull and somber dwelling place. Among my books I feel your hand That turns the page just past my sight; Sometimes behind my chair you stand And read the foolish rhymes I write.

And light with memory and desire

The old piano keys I press In random chords-until I hear Your voice, your rustling silken dress, and smell the violots you wear.

I do not weep now any more. I think I hardly ever sigh, I would not let you think I bore The kind of wound of which men die.

Believe that smooth content has grown Over the ghastly grave of pain; Content! O lips that were my own, .That I shall never kiss again!

THE OLD SLAVE'S LAMENT. Dar was singin', dar was dancin' In the cabins long ago,

An' cotton growin' in de fields As white as Northern snow. In massa's house lights twinkled, An' the young folks danced ho! ho! Like ob does times ole Peter will neber know

'Spec de birds do all de singin', An' de sunshine all de dancin' on the ficor; An' de ligats go twinkle, twinkle, Is ole massa's house no more. Ole Pete is sometimes hungry, But he'll let the chillun's know Dar was singin', dar was dancin', in the cabins long ago.

[Grace Libbard in San Fiereleco Call

Miscollaneous.

NANCY'S LOVER.

'Nancy!' said Mr Moppet. 'Sir?' responded Nancy. Mr. Moppet was coming in from the garden path. Nancy, with plump white arms bared to the elbow, was washing the breakfast dishes in a deep pan of hot soap-

Mr. Moppet was a hard-featured eldery man, with whitish blue eyes, a straggly fringe of white beard beneath his square chin, and a bald cranium. Nancy was fresh colored and bright-eyed, with silky tendrils of auburn hair drooping over her freekled forehead and a certain dimple perpetually playing at hide and seek on her left check. The two completely real-

ized Shakespeare's ideal of 'Crabbed Age and Youth. 'I'm a-goin' to town,' said Mr. Monpet. 'You won't need to bile no pot o

victuals for dinner. Waste makes want. A cup o' tea and a biled egg and what's left o' yesterday's pork and greensthat'll be all you'll need. 'Yes, father,' acquiesced Nancy. She was thinking of something else all

the while. 'And, talkin' 'bout eggs,' added Mr. Moppet, 'you may take four dozen up to Peach farm. Mrs. Wixon wants plenty on 'em to make cake for her niece's party Better go early this morning.'

Nancy colored searlet under the auburn rings of her hair. 'Can't I send 'em up by little Bil Becker, father?' said she. 'Webster Wixon will be there, and—and I don't

like Webster Wixon, with his red nose and his compliments.' Mr. Moppet frowned.

'Nancy,' said he, 'don't be a fool. can see through ye, like ye was a pane o glass. Webster Wixon is a well-to-do man. with money out at interest, and This whiskey is old stock of standard strength and purity particularly adapted to all cases of indisposition requiring a stimulating Tonic.

you'd oughter be tickled to death that he's took a notion to you.'

'But, father'---'Not another word,' grumbled Mr Moppet. 'I know jest exactly what's comin'. It's that foolish nonsense about Absalom Parker, that I hoped you'd got Sold only in pint (Blake) bottles with wrappers, over long ago. Absalom hain't no property, and ain't like to have none, and no daughter o' mine ain't goin' to marry your Grandfather Atkins' hired man. not if I know it.'

He paused with this multiplicity of double negatives. Nancy set her small pearl white teeth together; her even flashed with bazel fire. It was a clear case of true love versus money. Take them eggs straight up to Peach

farm,' reiterated Mr. Moppet, shaking his forelinger at Nancy, and don't arguly the pint no further. I'm your father. and I know what's best for you!' 'But you're going right past the Wix. ona' door.'

'No I ain't, ucither. I'm goin' the robbery give me such a scare.' Horn Hill road. I've been app'inted by the supply committee to buy an air-tight | law, with eager eyes, like those of a bird wood stove for the church,' he added, with some complacency. 'The old one's rusted clear out, so there's danger o' fire every time it's used, and the brethran the pallid lips. have subscribed twenty dollars for a new one—leastways, a second-hand one, if it's jest as good and a trifle cheaper. I'm to

use my own judgment about that.' And he went out to the barn to 'harness up,' leaving Nancy ready to cry. 'But,' she said to herself, as she flung | pet. the dish water out at the back door. I wouldn't marry Webster Wixon if there | gasped the old man. 'I knowed nobody wasn't another man in the world. And if I can't have Absalom, I'll live and die | yours, John Moppet-every cent of it. an old maid. Ob, dear! oh, dear! why And mind you, don't spend it in no exneed there be so much trouble in the travagance!

And more than one diamond-bright tear | dim eyes and went where there is neither drop fell among the eggs that she packed | money nor counting of money. into the flat splint basket for Mrs. Wixon's

niece's party. Webster Wixon, a fat, middle-aged match be had put to the crumpled old such people expect to be happy? house when Nancy came up. He made haste to welcome her.

'Good mornin', Miss Nancy,' said he. As bloomin' as ever. I sec.' 'Here's your eggs,' spoke Nancy, curtly. 'Set down a spell, won't ye?' simpered Mr. Wixon.

'I'm in a hurry,' said Nancy. 'But, Nancy'-'My name is Miss Moppet, sir!' T've got something very particular to say to you, Nancy,' urged the middle-tged

'It'll have to keep,' said Nancy. 'I've | is thirty,' muscd Mr. Moppet, rocking to got to got right home.' 'Can't I walk with you a piece?'

'l'd rather go alone,' she persisted. | up chimbiy in one breath o' wind, and blurted out the old bachelor. 'I love you better'n all the world! I want to make what I had on my mind! And your good! suit him exactly, and'---

Nancy wheeled around and faced her eager swuin. 'Is it me or father you're a-courting?'

said she. 'Why you, of course!'

'Then take my answer-no!' And without waiting for the return of her basket she hurried away, her cheeks like to be one of 'em? But I'd like to lidly. blazing, her breath coming quick and speak a word to you first.'

'but I'd sooner die than marry that man!' Webster Wixon stood a minute gazing went back to apple harvesting with an Atkins' money.' ominous compression of his lips.

The madder she gets the prettier she looks,' thought he. 'Well, well, time will show. Brother Moppet says she shall be my wife, and that ought to count for considerable.'

Hill, drove an excellent bargain for a Genii. highly ornamental wood stove, after having successively interviewed every hardware dealer in town, and set forth to return with it in his wagon just at dusk.

thing home over these bumpy roads. in that identical stove! They 'lowed twenty dollars for it, and I got it for fifteen. Takin' my time and trouble and wheel wear and horse-flesh with a gasp into consideration. I guess I won't say pattern, too--thistle leaves and acorns. I'd like one the same fashion in my best | quence, though, except for old iron. I shouldn't I have it? There's that second- | before a great while.' handed stove Gran'ther Atkins took for a debt from Solon Grubb. It's jest stand-

ing' rustin' away in his back wood shed. I'll fetch it home to-morrow and black it Absalom' up, and let Elder Meachan suppose I got a bargain from somebody; and I'll have the nice new stove for myself, and nobody 'll be none the wiser, now that Gran'ther Atkins is confined to his bed with creepin' paralysis and Absulom Parker's up in the wood lots, choppin' down trees for winter

happened to think of it.' He drew rein opposite the Atkins house. All was dark and quiet there save the one red light that burned in old Mr. Atkins' bedroom.

At that identical moment, had he but general factorum—was hanging over the and quilled asters.

And it was no difficult task for a man of John Monnet's physical strength skillfully to lift the old stove out of its place in the outer shed into his wagon. 'Git up. Prince!' he muttered to his

horse, shaking the reins, and away they Elder Meachan was not quite satisfied with the bargain. The church brethren. too, would have preferred a new stove. considering the money they had spent: but Brother Moppet was a man in authority, and they were compelled to acquiesce

Nancy was delighted with the new acquisition for the best room. 'Oh, isn't it pretty?' said she. .

'Yes,' nodded Mr, Moppet, rubbing his hands. 'it'll sort o' drees up the room for your weddin'. 'My wedding?"

'Jest so. I've arranged matters with Webster Wixon, and'-Nancy burst into tears, and ran out of

Mr. Moppet glared balefully after her. 'She shall marry him!' muttered he. | me sick." 'or she shall be no darter o' mine! I won't be set at defiance by-Why, helloa, you explain the fact that I saw you down then be of use to poor father in his 'Mr. Atkins is took wass this afternoon.' said Absalom, standing at the

doorway, like a rustic Apollo. 'Wants to see ye-right off! lt was a Saturday afternoon. As Mr Moppet drove by the church door he saw the load of wood being delivered for the first fire of the season.

'Jest in time!' said he to himself 'There's a frosty feel in the air.' Grandfather Atkins lay among his pillows, like a wrinkled old ghost. 'John,' said he,' all I've got in the world is yours, but I think I'd ought to wicked Jones boy. He will contaminate tell you where I've hid it, since the bank you."

'Certainly, certainly!' said his son-in-'I've hid it away'-John Moppet placed his ear close

'Six five-hundred-dollar bills'----'Yes, yes—go on!'

Folded up in an old number of The Horn Hill Gazette'-'An old number of The Horn Hi Gazette - I understand!' repeated Mon-'In the old stove out in the shed

wouldn't be likely to look there! [t's So speaking, the old miser closed his

bachelor, was out helping to gather the papers in the stove, to make sure of a October apples on the north side of the draught, when it was put up in the northwest corner of the church—the roar of the blaze through the lengths of Russia | will take ink stains out of silk. I am goiron pine. In his excellent management ing to try it on my dress." he had contrived to overreach himself. He went home and sat all the evening in a sort of stupor, with his head in his

Nancy, busied about her household tasks, watched him with hazel even of surprise. 'I didn't know he, thought so much of Gran'ther Atkins,' pondered she.

'Nancy-Miss Moppet - I must speak!' | me as done it! I shall go crazy. I shall lose my mind. Three—thou—sand dollars! It's a judgment on me. I've you Mrs. Webster Wixon! There, that's been a mis'able sinner, and cheated the the pet of every one who knew her. Her church. I've tampered with my own Christian-minded father, he says it would conscience. Six times five is thirty! Six dollar for a birthday gift, and Violet

and fro. 'Six five-hundred-dollar bills!

Three—thousand—dollars—and all gone

sinner I've been!' As the old kitchen clock struck 9, Absalom Parker came in, bringing with him a gust of fresh, frosty wind, 'Evenin', 'equire,' said he. 'I'm sort o' looking up the watchers. S'pose' you'd

'If it's about Nancy, it ain't no use.' 'Father'll be awful mad,' she thought, | said Mr. Moppet, rousing himself to the affairs of the world with some petulance. 'It ain't about Nancy,' Absalom anafter her in crestfallen silence; then he swered, with a smile. 'It's about Mr. ing with the cold.

> Mr. Moppet gave a start. 'Oh, you needn't jump so,' reassured gave it to him. Absalom. 'It's all safe. He took a flat parcel out of his pocket. 'Count'em,' said he. 'Six, ain't there?' Mr. Moppet stared at Absalom Parker

Mr. Moppet drove leisurely on to Horn as Aladdin might have stared at the

'How-where'-he muttered. Absalom gave a low chuckle. seen the old man hide em there, like a home from the counting-room with a 'It's a warm day for the time o' year,' human magpie as he was. I knowed it pale and haggard look upon the face said he, 'and it's easier traveling for the | wasn't safe, so I quietly took 'em out, arter | usually so Uright. He took his wife horse arter dark. It sin't a bad day's he'd had that last stroke, and locked 'em in aside, and at the end of a short conferwork, come to think on't. I beat Brother | his black feather trunk up in the garret, | ence, Mrs. Raymond came to Violet with Piper down pretty well on the price, and | And you may thank me that they wasn't | white-set lips. it's worth a dollar'n a half to cart the all burned up in the first fire you lighted

Mr. Moppet turned a purplish red. 'You know about that stove?' said he 'It wasn't likely no such conjuring nothin' about the odd five dollars. Busi- | could go on about Mr. Atkins' place, and ness is business. It's a proper, pretty me not know it, said Parker. dryly, 'The stove wasn't of no great conse-

room, and'-with a long whistle-'why guess the church folks'll get sick of it Mr. Moppet drew a long breath. 'When they do.' said he. 'I'll make in their humble apartments, there was 'em a present of a brand-new one. And heard a heavy knock at the door, and

> 'Yes, Mr. Monnet?' 'You won't say nothin' to nobody?' 'No.' said Absalom, 'I ain't one o' the talkin' sort. 'And, Absalom'-

'Yes, Mr. Monnet?' 'Since you and Nancy really are atfirewood. It's a good idee. I'm glad I | tached to each other'-'We're just that, Mr. Moppet. 'I don't see no objection to your get-

tio' married this fall,' said Moppet, with an effort. 'You may tell Nancy that she Nancy cried a shower of happy tears known it. Absalom Parker—the old man's | when Absalom told her the good news. But he never imparted to her the story garden gate of his own place, talking to lof the stove. As he himself had repretty Nancy among the purple dahlias marked, 'he was not one of the talkin'

Fauntleroy on Cigarettes. "My child." said old Lord Fauntleroy to little Lord Fauntleroy, as the latter dragged himself in, looking very pale and weak and wan, "it grieves me deeply

that you have formed the pernicious habit of smoking cigarettes." "I haven't, grandpa; truly I haven't." "Then why do you carry them in your pocket?" asked the aged man, as he inserted two fingers into one pocket of his little lordships' trousers and drew forth

a whole package. "Oh, grandpa. I never knew they were there! That bad little limmie Jones must have put them in my pocket

to disgrace me." "Yes! then how is it that your lips and fingers are stained brown!" "I've been eating licorice, grandpa." "Indeed?" Then how comes it that

your breath smells of tobacco?" "That bad little Jimmie Jones blew a whole lot of smoke in my face to make "You don't tell me? Then how do

Absalom Parker, what brings you here?' around the corner just a little while ago troubles! May I ask what it is?" with a cigarette in vour mouth?" "Oh, that was because I wanted to show that bad little Jimmie Jones how nasty it looks to see little boys with cigarettes in their mouths. I have been trying to reform Jimmie, but he won't let me. He hates me because I got a merit card in Sunday School and he symphony concert?"

didn't." "My angel child, I am glad that I was mistaken when I thought that you had formed a filthy, pernicious Labit. Don't have anything more to do with that

Live Like Lovers.

Married people should treat each other like lovers all their lives—then they would be happy. Bickering and quarreling would soon break off love affairs; consequently lovers indulge in such only to a very limited extent. But some people-men and women both-when they are once married, think that they can do in a high note. He could sing with one just as they please, and it makes no difference. They make a great mistake. It will inake all the difference in the world. Women should grow more devoted and men fonder after marriage, if they have the slightest idea of being happy as wives looked as if it had been cut by a carpenand husbands. It is losing sight of this fundamental truth which leads to hundreds of divorces. Yet many a manwill scold his wife who would never think of breathing a harsh word to his sweetheart: and many a wife will be glum and morose on her husband's return who John Moppet uttered an exceedingly had only smiles and words of cheer for bitter cry as he remembered the lighted him when he was her suitor. How can

Ethel-"Ob. mamma! I've learned in this book that preserved tomatoes Ethel applies the tomatoes and hangs the dress out to dry. Mamma(next day)—"Ethel, what are

you poring over that book so long for?" take tomatoes out of silk." Teacher-What is an unknown quantity?' Coal dealer's son-'What you they thought the safest place to draw it 'Six times five is thirty—six times five | get when you buy a ton of coal.'

[Written for the Maryland Journal.] FORTUNE LOST AND FOUND.

BY A. C. RITCHIE, [13 YEARS OLD.]

Violet Raymond was just ten years old. She was a pretty, rosy little girl. father had given her a brand-new gold five-hundred-dollar bills! Ob, Lord, thought she would buy a beautiful doll there ain't no calculation' what a mis'able with it, which had already delighted her

When she was walking to school one morning, with the money burning in her nocket, a little boy touched her arm as she was turning a corner. "What do you want?" she asked, tim-

'Please, miss, have you a penny for a poor orphan boy?" Violet looked at him. He could scarcev be twelve vet, and his clothes were no better than rags; besides, he was shiver-

taking the dollar from her pocket, she "Poor boy," she thought, "he is much more in need of it than I; my doll must wait until another time." But the look of gratitude which spread

the loss of many more dolls than that It was just nine years after this, that 'Hush!' said he. 'Don't speak loud. Mr. Raymond, Violet's father, returned

"My dear," she said, "poor father is ruined. We will have to leave this large bouse, so dear to us, and dwell on a small back street. Can you help poor father

Violet nobly did her part. From the day that her father lost his fortune she became a better, stronger, worthier woman than before, and was henceforth the mainstay of the family.

For several months no purchaser was found for the house. But one evening as the little family were sitting at supper following it, a young, handsome man entered the room.

that face before, and the look in his eyes was surely not one of a stranger. "Am I speaking to Mr. Raymond?" he asked. "That is my name, sir." "Mr. Raymond, I have heard that your fortunes have been reversed, and

that you have been compelled to offer your house for what it brings." His voice fultered as he answered: "Yes, sir, I have, but ——" "Then I will take it, sir; whatever be

Mr. Raymond stared at him. "Ah, sir," said the young man, smiling, "strange as it may scem, you have your daughter there to thank for this. "I do not understand you, sir," began

Mr. Raymond, but he was interrupted by "Ah," she murmered, "I think I know how; it was to you I gave some money long years ago.' The young man smiled. "I was that boy," he said, "shivering in the cold December air, whom you, in your mercy. benefitted. I'ne money you gave me enabled me to obtain work, and from that time I have gained in life—and to a pur-

pose. For now in return for your gift. I may give another, which, if not so great, may yet be beneficial." Mr. Raymond hastily advanced and seized the young man's hand. "Your return, Mr. —, Mr. —

"Mr. McLeou, far exceeds the gift .-May I, then, deem as a friend one who has so kindly given me a second interest in life ?" Mr. McLeod turned smiling to Violet. "I think," he said, "I can yet help you

"McLeod."

further, I have an humble place to "A place?" she said, "Ah, I may "The place," he said softly, "is at my

fireside; the position, next to my heart -my wife! Musical Connoisseurs.

"Oh, say, Maud, did you go to the "Uh huh: d'iou!" "Yes; wasn't it lovely?" "Divine. I just love to hear the violins quaver the way they do.' "So do I. Did you ever hear Lil Jen-

kins play the 'Blue Danube' waltzes on the piano?" "Yes; she plays it lovely, doesn't she? "Have you got any gum?" "Yes, here's three kinds: take your

"How did you like the tenor that sang the solo?" "Oh, ever so much. He was such a

cuto little man." "It was awfully funny to see him away up on his toes every time he sang foot just as well as he could with the other.

things. But wasn't the soprano horrid?" "Well, I should say so. That dress "Which part of the programme did you like the most?" "I think the last number was the best.

Did you watch the trombone player?"

"If you don't think of the funniest

"Yes: didn't he have cute, puffy cheeks when he played? I didn't take my even off him once. groans and howls. "I was looking at the young man that played the flute. The way he combs his hair back makes him look so interesting." "Do you know mamma thinks I have improved in my music wonderfully by

"So am I. In the case of my unfortunate client, gentlemen." said the eloquent Ethel-"I want to find out what will atterney for the defense in a murder case, if is for you to draw the line between murderous rage and emotional insunity. And the jury readered a verdict that was between the head and shoulders.

"I'm going to every one of them."

going to the symphony concerts?"

A WOMAN OF EXPEDIENTS. Everything in?

Mr. Pierce gave his brown leather raveling bag an interrogatory shake as he took it up. Certainly, Dave. Well, good-by, then! I'll be back on

Wednesday, I hope you and Myrtle won't

be nervous. Oh, no! replied Mrs. Pierce. We'll fasten all the doors and windows securely. She was a little, wiry energetic, brown skinned woman of about 35. She had snapping black eyes, a good deal of gold filling in her teeth, and was evidently possessed of the most complete self-con-

But the kitchen window won't fasten. Miranda. What is worse, it won't even close. I pushed it up this evening, to throw a lump of coal after that dog of Bruce's, that was in our back yard, and it stuck fast. I tugged my best, but couldn't get it down. We will have a For a moment she hesitated; then. carpenter fix it. Be sure you send for one to-morrow. But to night-Now don't you worry, Dave, advised Mrs. Pierce, briskly. I'll fix that win-

dow. You know I am a woman of expedients. Well, good by, Miranda! over the boy's face made up to Violet for He bobbed his sandy head and gave her the brief, business like kiss which

expresses about as much affection as a dig in the ribs. Good-by, Myrtle! Good-by, pa! said Myrtle. She was an angular child of 12, with pale, hatchet face, a pair of round, watery blue eyes, and an air of alert timidity

She was looking the door after her liege lord. How, ma?

Come and help! was the terse and indi-

And now, said Mrs. Pierce, bristling

with expedients, we will see to that wip-

The house was a frame dwelling, which stood in the meager grounds allotted to pers under the caption of Heroic Mrs. the majority of even those city houses which are not rigidly blocked. The kitchen window looked out on a

narrow strip of back yard, which ran

Mrs. Pierce lit the gas, revealing myr iads of water bugs scuttling around the Oh. ma!

directly to the alley in the rear.

Violet thought she remembered seeing Well? She was exerting all her strength to put down the perverse window. I'm so afraid of the bugs. Let's go upstairs! It's burglars, not bugs, you'll have a

> fixed, grasped Mrs. Pierce with grim emphasis, as she realized her efforts to persuade the obdurate frame were futile, as her husband's had been. We'll have to go down stairs and bring up a couple of washtubs, she added.

be afraid of if we don't get this window

Her particular ability was beginning to exhibit itself. When they had brought the tubs up stairs and placed them before the window they filled them from the kitchen faucet. Between them she placed a chair, and thereon balanced frying pans, bread pans. gem pans, jelly cake pans and pie pans.

Then she produced a hammer, a string and a couple of double pointed tacks. The tacks she drove in lightly at each side of the window casing and ran the string through. One end of it she tied to the handle of the dinner bell and the other round the neck of a bottle of ammo-

Directly in front of the sill she placed large mustard can, with the lid very lightly laid on. It did not contain anything so mild as ninstard, though. It was filled to the brim with cayenne pepper-Natal cayenne

at that. Now, declared Mrs. Pierce, stepping back to view the result of the labor. any burglar gets in there without our hearing him, it's a queer story. He's certain to flounder into the water, knock down the tine, ring the bell, break the bottle of ammonia and get the red pepper into his eyes into the bargain. And serve him right, too! in aggrieved anticipation of a possible intruder.

Myrtle's round eyes were rounder than Oh, ma, it's worse than dynamite, ain't it! Oh, ma, you're an awful smart woman! Ain't you, ma? Miranda Pierce smiled the smile of anpreciated supremacy. But she only an-

swered modestly: I have a genius for expedients, Myrtle. When, after having made a final reviewing round of the house they went up stairs to bed, the spouse of David Pierce produced a revolver, which she tucked under her pillow.

Now if we hear the crash in the kitchen. Myrtle, I'll just open the window, fire off the revolver, and yell, Police! Nyrtle shuddered reverentially at such Lucroic resolution.

Oh. ma. you're awful brave! she whis-

pered, as she got into bed and covered her head up tightly in the clothes. The night wore on-a warm, moist, dark August night. Mrs. Pierce, profoundly confident of the success of her barricade, should an entrance be attemptedor rather assured in such a case she would of my old (chu-hu oo!) suit with an be aroused, and brimful of other equally angry glare. clever expedients-went placedly to sleep. But wide awake, half suffocated, shaking with terror, Myrtle cowered by her side. | with crushing sarcasm.

terrible burglars might even now be creeping up the back yard? Another hour of self as a woman of expedients. agony dragged by. Twelve ! There was the clink of a bell as it clattered to the floor, an appalling rattle of falling tine, and then a series of yells and

How could her mother sleep when those

Oh, ma! quavered Myrtle, as a tremendous sneeze from the floor below terminated in a bellow of pain. It's the pepper getting in its work, my dear ! explained Mrs. Pierce, as she grabbed her weapon and sprang out of bed. Across the room she rushed, flung up

the window, fired off the revolver as she

had resolved, and shouted. Police! bur-

glars! patrol! at the very top of her A young gentleman was the other shrill, sharp voice. day accusing another of having a big From the houses on either side heads. popped out. What is it? cried the neighbors. They were still rather dated by their

It's burglars, burglars, burglars! screamed Mrs. Pierce. A balf-garbed male figure went flying down the steps of the adjoining house,

and ran sapidly toward the patrol box on And still the floundering, noisy, sneezing stampede in the kitchen continued. We never would have caught the scoundrel-never! cried Miranda Pierce ber black eyes glittering with exultation, if I had not happened to be a woman of expedients !

steps now. Mrs. Pierce was not reckless, if ex- | blacksmith makes the fire-fly. traordinarily prompt in emergencies. She did not rush down to meet them. She threw the door key out of the window.

and told them to open the door. When she did so, she slipped a wrapper over her night gown, and joined them. Behind her, holding to the tail of her gown, slunk poor little Myrtle, her teeth chattering like castanets, and the great big frightened lumps in her throat al- billheads a picture of the forget-me-not. most choking her.

Where is he? Oh, the rascal! Is Mr. Pierce out of town? What keeps the patrol? Can he have escaped? No. I bear him. Just listen to that!

That was a perfect fullisade of groans, kicks, oaths, sneezes. Despite the excited chatter going on around her, Mrs. Pierce was cool, Mrs. Pierce was collected. Indeed she was ac- you before," as the lawyer said to his tually beaming. What did men do, who, unlike Dave,

Her burglar alarm had been effective. being poor. The scamp was most likely so blinded by the red pepper he could not find his way Bearing Sea involve the United States in Who was it. said a who woman had no inventive genuine? She would be praised for her brilliant calls, is like the coho. He snewers but produce. Perhaps—cestatic thought! she might even be written up in the pa-

had incapable and brainless wives?

Pierce, or A Brave, Brainy Woman. Hark? some one said; here is the patrol wagon! bet like a postage stamp? Because he And there it was to be sure, dashing gets stuck on the letters. up to the door with a great flourish. The officers leaned out-entered the

in the front hall commenced proffering clamorous explanations. manded an officer. I am, modestly proclaimed Miranda; and if it were not that I am a woman of

Pierce residence.

would not be so neatly trapped. And she positively grew as she uttered her laudatory remark. Oh, come on! growled the officer. Hurt but uncrushed by his brusqueness, her head, and, followed by Myrtle, the and listen to a tale of whoa.

of neighbors led the way. open the kitchen door. Myrtle gave a howl of terror. Yes, there he is! corroborated the neighbors.

The officers advanced; so did Mrs. Pierce: so those following. with scattered tins and broken glass-a houses. room flooded with water—the air unbearably pungent with the odor of ammonia and floating particles of cayenne pepper, and Apanias himself would hesitate to warin the midst of all, seated on one of the overturned tubs, his elbows on his knees his head held in his hands, groaning and

The bleedthirsty wretch! exclaimed ready to crush it. Hush up; he might shoot! murmured a cautious neighbor. Officers, do your duty! loftily com-

ing tragic recitations. secure the midnight marauder was neces- her husband's pocket. sarily spasmodic. Come! (a-chew!) You are under ara separation of forty-eight years. They

found that pepper! The man on the tub raised his head He looked around. Mrs. Pierce gave a shriek of dismay. Oh, pa! yelled Myrtle. The officers fell back. Those of the baby kept him awake all night." neighbors who could speak between sneezing began to question and explain.

rest! (t-t-chew!) Help here, boys! Con-

The man they had come to capture rose—spoke. I missed the train (t-chu-u!) I went the lodge for a couple of hours. [—ab—

He went off in another paroxysm.

Dave? asked Miranda.

Oh! murmured Miranda.

he presented. He was dripping from a tumble in the was to be placed to 'Uncle Sam's Kredit,' tub, dirty from a stumbling collision with a queer message from a man whose conthe coal hod, cut by the battering shower science was having a good spell of pots and pans, perfumed with ammonia and evidencing every symptom of a most aggravated case of hay fever. Why didn't you use your latch key,

Because I left it behind in the pocket Or-or, my faintly, ring the bell When the bell is broken? he inquired.

She quite wilted. Never again did she dare refer to her-CONGRATULATED HIM .- In New York. A number of enthusiastic men rush to the cell of a condemned criminal.

the party, "let us congratulate you." The criminal was staggered with joyful emotion. "Am I pardoned?" asked. "Then why do you come to congratu-

"My dear sir!" exclaimed the leader of

"Because it has been demonstrated that our electric apparatus is sure death." [Arkansaw Traveller.

"Yes," said the other, "but the Lord had to make yours small so as to give you plenty of cheek."

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IN "JOURNAL" BUILDING,

SCRAPS. Carpets are bought by the yard and sold by the foot.

The happier one's thoughts the pleasanter will be his reverie. He who waits to do a good deal of good

The profession of rat-catching has not The neighbors were flocking up the yet been invaded by woman. The grub makes the butter-fly; the

It is comparatively quiet when so still you can hear the drew drop.

When the barber talks too much his stories are generally illustrated with cuts. A Vienna tailor has stamped upon his The owner first breaks the race-horse;

Cleveland is endeavoring to organize, a Soap Trust. Here soaping it will not

plain named Phigars. Who save figures don't lie? "I don't remember having ever seen

Will the capture of sealers in the

furrin' war.

he doesn't come. vided one of them hasn't been "put on" a fellow the night before. Why is a little Loy learning the alpha-

"Love levels all things." Perhaps so: but it has been noticed that its tendency All the crowding, half-clad individuals is not to make the head level.

ness of things that makes so many comets expedients, this contemptible law breaker | barely visible to the naked eye. An English woman is made of clay un-

The average car-horse is a tender-heartshe held the kerosene night lamp over | cd animal. He is always ready to stop policeman and the ever-increasing group As Adam remarked to Eve as they sat outside the garden gate: "We've had There he is! she cried, as she flung an unusually early fall, have we not?"

tanning hides by electricity expect to see And this they saw : A room littered lines of wire running towards the school-Among the new Fall shades is the antelope. It ought to be a fast color. but

Sam Jones says the corset must be moaning at an agonizing rate—the intru- crushed. And all over this fair land thousands of brave young fellows stand Mr. Jason - "How did your wife come

to buy such a cheap hat, Wickwire?"

Wickwire-"I told her that it was too

ing so at last accounts. "The trouble with pa," said Mrs. Bentley, "is that he lete little things worry him. He was mad this morning because the

talked thirty-six hours, and were still do-

His wife is keeping boarders. New York can't decide upon a site for thought my wife might have failed (a- the world's fair. An excellent place to tchew-00-00!) to fix this window, and hold the fair, after the old folks have retired, is on your lap. P. S.—So we've

> "First class in history stand up. Johnny, why did Napoleon return to France

"Can you tell me, darling," he asked, as they sat together in the weak spot of the sola, "the exact mathematical duration of a kisa?" "About a second and a half, I believe,"

It is related of Brutus that when he read Mark Antony's funeral oration over the body of Cæsar he remarked, contemptuously: 'Hump! Stolen from Shakespeare, every word of it!" "My dear," said Mr. Phunnyman,

cal paradox ?" "Give it up." because he is allowed so much latitude that he is without a parallel." Spring bonnets are said to be lower. This, of course, refers to the erows and not the price. Whatever the size of the

why is the Prince of Wales a geographi-

pears to be the matter? Do you ever take any exercise? Dade (languidly)-Ya as, I shave meself every marriag.

portions.

A wise man embraces an opportunity; the fool hurs a delusion.

it once will never do any.

A river is the queerest thing out; its head isn't near as big as its mouth.

then the race-borse proceeds to break the

There is a fisherman on Lake Cham-

Occasionally you see a very rich man who is so economical that he would enjoy

"I wo heads are better than one," pro-

The bad small boy, when his mother

Brown-Sequard's last name is pronounc-Which is the lady of the house? de- col seekar, and the more of his elizir you take, the seekar you get. It is no doubt a due sense of the fit-

> less she is an attendant on the Queen, and then she is maid of honor.

The toper's face is sometimes a gin phiz, and sometimes he has a beer mug. At all times he has a "smiling" aspect. Boys who hear of the new process of

rant it not to run

young for her face." manded the young man who was study-It is not expected that the postal tele-But they all were now sneezing in such | graph, if adopted, will be any great help a consulsive manner that an attempt to to the woman who posts her telegrams in Two ladies recently met in Liberty after

> Yabsley-What has become of old man Figg? I never hear of him any more. Is he dead? Wickwire-No, not exactly.

been told. In rending \$200 to the Secretary of A ludicrous and yet pitiful appearance the Treasury a Chicagoan wrote that it

> after his exile?" "Because he didn't have enough Elba "Correct, Jonny; go up foot."

she answered. demurely. "Thanks," he replied, "I will make minute of it."

bonnet, the bill retains its majentic pro-

Doctor (to sick dude)-Well, what ap-