

CHAPTER XI. walls and sanded floor, where his wife epistle grew dark, then white and feathand daughter Rosa were sitting beside ery, and were whirled up the chimney or found a resting place among the a stand busily sewing and knitting. A cloud was on his brow. His square- chinks of the logs.

out, heavy face, with its natural expresevening in Lawyer Saybrook's office, her next beau is steady and worthy" and that worthy had produced a bottle indulgence was the habit of the times, moment she said: and he had found himself unable to reof punch, and tossing it off, left the tavern and bent his steps homeward.

Mrs, Bruyn had gazed up mildly through her heavy silver-bowed spectacles as her husband entered. She saw at once that something had disquieted him, and, with womanly tact, bade Rosa at once to bring his slippers, while she opened the door of a little closet, set in the wall almost out of her reach, and produced his tobacco pouch and pipe, and placed them beside him on the table near which he took his seat.

A pleasant, mild-faced woman was Mrs. Bruyn. It was easy to see where Rosa had got her clear complexion, her liquid blue eyes and her soft brown hair. A round, full face, small and regular features, and an expression of patient cheerfulness characterized the countenance of the good dame; and, withal, it was evident that she was a woman of more than usual intelligence and refinement. How, then, could she have ever married the rough, rather coarse, domineering old farmer? Ah, such mysteries are among the commonest of human life, and it is as well to ask why flowers will bloom and vines trail over the roughest and most uncouth rocks.

Farmer Bruyn filled and lit his pipe. and drew his chair up to the blazing log fire, and puffed away without apparently reaching a much more peaceful Fame of mind. Rosa, after a time, lighted a candle, kissed her parents goodnight, and retired to bed. After she had been gone some few minutes the farmer drew the letter from his pocket. and, turning to his wife, handed it to She took it, studied the outside for a

few moments through her spectacles, and then maid:

"Why, it must be from Claude." "Yes," replied the old man, his face growing perceptibly redder, "the villain to write to her without may consent!-without even ever having so much as spoken to me about her. Huh! he'd carry things with a high hand. He's a bold one-a high-headed one. He'll ruin my daughter, ch?-the spendthrift, the rake, the vagabond! Well, we'll see. He'il and I know how to measure such worthless reques as he is, aye, and to match them too."

Mrs. Bruyn did not immediately reply. Her cheerful face grew pale and quiet, and she seemed to be thinking deeply. Finally she said as she handed back the epistle:

Authand. Surely, there is nothing so Wrong in that; he evidently did not intend to evade your knowing of his writing. Besides, you know he has been brought up as a neighbor's son, and he and Ross played together as children." The more reason that he should treat me with the respect due me." answered fermer: buffing flercely on his pipe. Tonce had a notion for the lad: butno white bred in the bone will come out in the fresh. He's gone to the wrong. d his pride will carry him to the devil all the cooner because he's had a fine property left kind to waste. I've heard igh of his reoklessness and his issue of how he would run wild once got out in the world. But den't it En for him to scatter and riot withbreaking our innocent girl's heart? go-the scamp; I'll match him. Look wife she must never hear of this I'm straid that she's only too sttering till wild on ta, let's

the war of the same of the sam

biazed up a moment, then twisted and Old Farmer Bruyn returned home curled, red and glowing, the superscriprather late one evening from the village, tion standing out with luminous dissome ten weeks after Claude's departure tinciness for a minute, showing Claude's for Europe, and entered the family bold and neat chirography, and then it room, with its blueish whitewashed faded, and the flery folds of the fated

"That settles the matter," he mutsion of obstinacy and self-will, appeared tered. "So I'll treat any more of them, sterner than was its wont, and his coun- if he has the impudence to send them. tenance more flushed than usual. Truth Tis the best way The girl will soon to tell, he had spent a portion of the forget him, and we must see to it that

Mrs. Bruyn did not reply at once She of old wine, and, on his way home, he sat still and apparently somewhat stuhad stopped at Ronk's Tavern, and a peffed by her husband's hasty action brimming glass of hot punch had added Long habit had accustomed her never to to the fever in his blood and brain. It oppose or even criticize his whirns, but was not the custom of the old farmer to now, as she slowly took in the situation, indulge very freely in strong drink, but her face flushed slightly, and ager a "It seems to me that it would be but.

lawyer. On his way home he had stop- from Rosa, but to treat her as if we had ter was handed him, with a European posed to oppose our wishes in any way. Inv heart postmark, and directed to Rosa, in his but our deception, if she should ever dening her feelings towards us to brow. After a time he called for a glass | sides, I am disposed to think that you | 1 hall be but a recreant son of Column he would do anything wicked or crimiidle gossip we hear about him "

Farmer Bruyn raised his evehrows slightly, and gazed at his wife a moment with the faintest suspicion of surprise in his countenance. Then he said doggedly:

"My mind is made up. That boy is cut out for a rascal, and I know it in two years from now he will have wasted every cent of his property, and be nothing but an idle, penniless vagabond But he's just got the face and tongue to impose upon women; and you're no more to be trusted than Rosa to see him as he is. That girl has just got her head turned about him, I can see it plain enough; and if he's allowed to write to her she will soon be beyond cure No. no; it won't do to play with this matter. Just let us burn the letters, and say nothing about it, and in a year he will have forgot all about her and she shout him; and so there'll be an end of it. If he'd stayed at home, taken care of his property, and tried to make a man of himself, 'twould have been different. But I always had a suspicion of him. I knew he was cut out for a scapegrace. Aiready he's tied up every inch of his land, and, as soon as his money is gone. he's a beggar. I won't have him trifling

The least said the soonest mended." With this wise saw by way of conclusion, Farmer Bruyn placed his pipe back in his mouth, closed his lips over as plainly as words that the discussion was through as far as he was concerned, and that nothing could change his

with Rosa. Let that be the end of it.

Mrs. Bruyn saw that further argument would be wasted upon him in his resent state of mind, so she remained still, though a gentle sigh told of the unquiet of her breast, and her brows knitted as though she were deeply considering the matter in all its bearings.

# CHAPTER XII.

It is not to be supposed that the designing lawyer, into whose hands Claude Rolf had practically placed his fortunes, was at all remiss in keeping own point of view. In fact, he conducted an industrious correspondence. The mail service of the time was not very regular or frequent, but it was for that reason all the better adapted to the peculiar game of hazards that the unworthy member of an honorable and useful profession had resolved to play. The first object Mr. Saybrook had in view from his correspondence was to secure the removal of old Carl Crum from the guardianship of Rolf House. For this purpose, he spent some days in constructing a letter so flattering to the young student of art, and so artfully designed to augment the confidence already posed in him as guardian and adviser, that he had no doubt of its success.

Several weeks elapsed before he re ceived a reply, but when it came he was more than delighted with the result. The letter was as follows:

Venice, Feb. 16, 1812. My Dear Mr. Saybrook: Yours of the 2d of last month was duly received. I must express my satisfaction at the dence of his father in air his plans. A promptness with which you have sails. fled my curlosity in a matter that necessarily caused me considerable anxto your theory of my aunt's last in- of this precious pair. Ralph was less structions. Perhaps my interests as mature and experienced in mere craft, The superstition of people are spotic powers of parental control were street back of your residence."

The superstition of people are spotic powers of parental control were street back of your residence." walk as my judgment incline me to the but in cool, calculating, mercenary

several years here

that you so thoroughly approve of my dishonesty that the habit of equivocatobject in coming here. To be sure not ing with his conscience had never been Ven your opposition could have induced formed. The only difference between me to abandon my darling ambition, the two men was that Ralph was the but how much more pleasant is it to me honester and more direct rogue of the to know that I am acting in full accord two with the judgment of the only advise. death

yet I feel rather chagrined over the of wealth and power not wish you to think that I have any welcome contents. lack of confidence in you. I have write ten to him, directing him to remove in the little law office from Rolff House to the tenant house at the ferry, and hereafter to devote and consideration

amusement if not edification. But I lay grinds me Oh, for a chance for my fear I shall not have much time to de-bold stroke. Ah, Ralph, if I could only vote to general society, notwithstanding control political events for a week' But, your opinion as to the advantage it pshaw it won't do to be visionary. I would be to me in advancing me in have every reason to congratulate mytarte and refinement. Moreover, you self on securing the removal of that should be aware that I have already old dog of a Carl Crum. Ha, ha, how set my affections on a most "exacting nicely my bait took! Mind you, Ralph,

In case it breaks out, I fear are you to put in old Crum's place?" unwise, no doubt, but I do not believe of hostilities, I would start at once for brows native land and home I can only earaway; and I am inclined to think with you that it has so long appeared threatening without breaking into a storm, that the chances are that it will pass

quietly over. At a later date, I may write you satisfied as to the propriety of the step you for your needed assistance in the matter. I am already making progress. I trust, and allow no moment to go entirely to waste.

With great respect, yours most sin-CLAUDE ROLFF. cerely, This letter gave Mr. Saybrook the livliest satisfaction. Yet, with his usual caution, he considered it from every point of view. But he could find in it nothing to awake suspicion. In fact, it seemed to him that Claude had unwittingly played into his hand in a manner that he had had no reason to expect., He was quick to see several it, and began puffing in a way that said points in the letter that might prove of the highest advantage in the furtherance of his plans. The order removing old Carl from Rolf House was particularly pleasing to him. It opened the way for his plans in a most acceptable manner. He was chafing and fretting under the enforced delay in his schemes, but here was a chance offered him for an important step, and he determined

## CHAPTER XIII.

to take advantage of it.

From his correspondence with Claude, Anthony Saybrook was enabled to draw two conclusions: first, that the young man's confidence in him remained unshaken; and, second, that under no his client informed of events from his probable circumstances was he likely to contemplate a speedy return to his

native land. This result of his diplomatic letter was very gratifying to him, and cleared the way for the progress of his plans in a manner that was highly encouraging. As usual with him, he flattered himself that it was all due to his own shrewd management, and his confidence in his ability to consummate his elabo-

rate plots was greatly increased. He foresaw that Claude, in any event. in view of his resolution to remain in Europe, would soon require the raising of new funds, and whether events so favored him or not as to lead to the adoption of his bold and dangerous game to come into possession of Rolff House, he had no doubt that he could so entangle and manage the young man as to assure ultimate success to his schemes even though no war broke out to raise a barrier between him and his victim and leave him free to carry out what he considered his "bold stroke." Ralph, as usual, had the full confiperfect understanding existed between the two. The law of hereditary qualities was strikingly illustrated in the esbegin to be a thorough convert sential likeness between the characters

short experience in this pleasant old father. In fact, while the parent re- afraid of ghosts in Rolff House, surely Italian city in the pursuit of my chosen tained a certain affectation of virtuous art, I would view with particular dis. motives even in the presence of those taste any developments that would call it was not necessary to deceive, and for my early return to my native coun- while discussing plans of the most untry I trust I am too patriotic to ever mifigated villainy-a habit quite comthink of adjuring or depreciating my mon with those who have pursued a native land, yet I must confess that progressive course in dishonesty from Europe is the only place for the young an original standpoint of hesitancyartist, and I fear that I must either with Ralph there was no such pretenabandon the abidy of art or else spend sion of respect for virtue where its use was not required. He had been so early It gives me great pleasure to know initiated into the arts of trickery and

They understood each other perfectly my aunt recommended to me before her The elder Saybrook greatly admired Ralph's nonchalance and directness in Your statement as to your reception any equivocal work, while the latter by Carl Crum has caused me consider- did not fail to return a full measure able anxiety of mind. I must confess of admiration of his father's craftiness that the faithful old fellow was simply and skill. Each worshipped with ardent following my instructions. But I can zeal a certain deformed idol of Reeasily understand how his very faith- spectability, whose chief supports were fulness to what he deems my interest wealth and position, and each was might have led him to assume an im equally inured to the idea that a cerpudent and even overbearing demeanor 'tain amount of moral crookedness was toward you. I cannot blame him, and necessary and laudable in the pursuit

However, nothing has been. Ralph had been away on some busidone that cannot be remedied. There ness duties in a neighboring village at is no particular reason that Crum the time of the arrival of Claude's letshould remain in the house, providing ter, but, on his return, his father lost it is displeasing to you. I certainly do no time in communicating to him its

They sat down to discuss the letter

"Everything continues to work favorably," remarked the elder Saybrook his entire attention to the ferry. I au- "The result so far shows that I have thorize you to select some suitable man not made a single miscalculation. I to take his place in charge of Rolff think I have seen my way pretty clear, House somebody who will be both and, by my knowledge of the young careful and trustworthy. Of course, I man's character and purposes, I have desire old Margaret to remain, and to been enabled so far fairly to discount be treated with all possible kindness the future. I suppose I should be satisfied I know I ought to feel confi-I perused your suggestions in regard dence in myself. But I am terribly to my social conduct with considerable nervous and anxious. Every day's de

fuse the hospitality of his friend the ter not to attempt to conceal anything stead of becoming a gay Lothanio of have failed in my purpose. But by its young heir in her presence, were society, shall rather choose to be an suggesting the truth with a cheerful prophetic to her mind of the real cause ped at Ronk's Tavern, which was also confidence in her and could trust her I exclusive and romantic Romeo, with face and artiess manner I have gained of the difficulty. She knew that her the post-office of the little place. A let. feel certain that she would never be dis. no thought save for the one Juliet of my point without in the least seeming father had never really liked Claude, to deserve it. You see it—ch. Ralph" although his objections had never been The fear of war between America and Yes, yes," answered the young man; clearly stated, and while she could not care. He studied the superscription in. discover it, might be the means of har- the Mother Country has not troubled "it was a very neat stroke. But who suspect him of any such action as de-

> "There is a point that puzzles me" judge of Claude harshly He has been the Could I be assured of the certainty replied the elder, corrugating his that he had taken some means to forhome, ready to sacrifice my ambition such a man as I want. It will be nec- cating with her. nal. We should not believe every bit of on the altar of my country's service essary to select somebody we can trust. Oirl as she was, and of a tender and while a woman jumps to it by the sim-But it seems to me that the probability to a considerable extent, and yet he almost timid nature. Rosa possessed an of matters coming to such a crisis is must not be too sharp for us. I have unusually clear and sagacious mind, too remote to call for any preparation, thought over every person at all avail- and she was not long in concluding that for it. I am glad to know that you able, and I don't know but that, on the her father would not have taken any consider a war very doubtful. It would whole, Leb. Sackett is our man. He is sudden and decided stand against he very unfortunate for me to be cut shrewd and serviceable, if we can only Claude's relations to her without some off from all communication with my trust him far enough. But, really, definite reason for it. All her nature there is nobody else who will do at all. was absorbed in the consideration of estly hope that the cloud will page I rather think we must take him. I fancy I can manage him well enough. lay at her heart, and no event or inci-What do you think, Ralph?"

I have some doubts on that score I more fully concerning personal matters, on the subject of the stories they tell in regard to that individual's opera-

> to be haunted. "Oh, leave that to me," interposed! the elder Saybrook. "I fancy Sackett was caused her by the growing attentakes a sort of pleasure in encouraging | tions of Ralph Saybrook toward her. the superstitious notions of people, but | He had managed to meet her several | to ne: he is a world too shrewd to take much capital in the common run of spooks. At least, we can soon judge as to that. Nobody has been hurt yet by spirits at Rolff House, and I don't think Sackett will decline a liberal compensation to do as we want him to."

"You are the best judge," replied Ralph. "I shall endeavor to see him within

a day or two," pursued the father, "and I shall sound him carefully before committing myself to any agreement with

With this understanding, the conversation on the subject closed.

True to his word, Anthony Saybrook promptly sent for Leb. Sackett, and the next day that cerulean individual put in an appearance at the law office. A few words sufficed to introduce the subject of the vacancy to occur in Rolff House.

"It is not necessary to state the reasons why old Carl is to be superseded," pursued the lawyer. "But, as trustee of the estate, it is necessary for me to secure a reliable man to take his place. I have sent for you. Mr. Sackett. believing you would be a good person to consult in regard to the matter. Do you know of anyody who would be likely to meet my idea of a thoroughly reliable

man?" Leb. Sackett half-closed his cold, luseyes, and his vacant countenance became a shade more blank and meaningless-a fact which probably indicated that he was concentrating his mind to a reflective state. After a moment, he said:

"'Taint everyody who would want to live in Rolff House."

"And why not?" queried the lawyer "'Why' enough." replied Mr. Sack-"The place is a regular old ghost ett. trap. Some say the Old Boy himself makes it his headquarters at certain times. Whether all the stories they tell about it are true or not, most people believe them, and there isn't one man in a dozen you could get to go near the old house, much less to live in it." "But do you believe these stories,

Mr Sackett?" "Well, I've heard 'em on good authority, and perhaps I've seen some things myself. All I can say is, where there is so much smoke there is pretty

sure to be some fire."

a man of your strong mind and keen sense is not."

"If you mean to offer me the place," interposed Mr. Sackett, "I'll say that I ain't to be scared by ghosts or hobgoblins of any kind. I never knew 'em to hurt anybody. If there are ghosts in Rolff House, I won't disturb them and I don't think they will disturb me. Besides, I know a thing or two about such matters. I've studied demonology for some years, and we have some secrets in our family that everybody don't know. Chosts ain't very pleasant neighbors, perhaps, but I'd rather have them than most men.

"Well said," replied the lawyer, with a pleasant smile. "And to come right down to business, Mr Sackett, I believe you would perhaps be just the man I want: and your knowledge of ghost matters might be of some use to me." With the ice thus broken, the two talkers soon arrived at a satisfactory agreement, by which it was arranged that Leb Sackett was to take the place of old Carl Crum in Rolff House.

#### CHAPTER XIV. As the weeks slipped by, and it be-

came evident to Rosa Bruyn that her lover had either neglected to write to her, or that some obstacle had intervened to prevent her from receiving his letters, her anxiety and distress became very plainly visible to her watchful mother. Yet the good matron felt debarred from saying anything to her on the subject. If more letters had arrived, she was not aware of the fact, for farmer Bruyn had maintained an imperturbable silence since his first hasty action in destroying Claude's letter. Like most men of strong, wilful natures, he rarely changed his mind when once he had deliberately formed a purpose, and being fully resolved to break up the relations of his daughter with Claude it probably did not occur to him to give himself any further thought about the matter except to vigorously

execute his first-formed purposes. Meantime, Rosa became instinctively aware of some influence on the part of her parents as the cause of Claude's silence. Her faith in him was too strong and trusting to cause her to credit for an instant the idea that he would deliberately desert her. It is true, she had had a premonition that his absence in mistress." and that I worship her I did not show any open enmity or dis- Europe might lead to the cooling of above and before all else. She is the like, or make any demand for punish- his affection toward her, but she had constant object of my thoughts, my ment for his treatment of me. I simply considered it possible only as the redaily companion, my divinity, in the related the circumstances in such a sult of long absence and the slow and presence of whom all other earthly de- manner as to suggest that, although I almost imperceptible growth of indifvotion pales. What' and shall I neek had been curtly received. I was rather | ference as he formed new associations other shrines of devotion, or admit ri- amused than annoyed at it, and only and ties in a strange land. She could vals into my affections? No, no, I have grieved in any way that I should have | not doubt that he had fulfilled his sworn a devotion so complete that it failed of hospitality under the roof of promise of writing to her. Why had is not permitted me even to place my, such a deat friend. You see how well she not received his letter? There was self in the way of temptation of being it worked. Ah, Ralph, delicacy and no marked change in the conduct of led astray from the pledged object of keenness are the true weapons of a her parents towards her; yet a slight my worship Your advice may be diplomatist If I had bunglingly shown increase of maternal tenderness and good, but for once I shall risk going my hand, and demanded satisfaction watchfulness, and a studied avoidance centrary to your suggestions, and, in- for being insulted. I should probably of all topics relating to Rolff House or liberately and secretly destroying his letters, she yet felt a painful conviction "It is hard to pick out just bid or prevent Claude from communi-

the to her all-important question that "Why. I think he is just the man, if ed its relation and bearing to the secret we can only make him available. But she was seeking to solve. Her father's frequent visits to lawyer Saybrook's, have heard him talking several times; and the reports that reached her ears and my welfare and progress. At pres- about Rolff House, and it struck me; tions in managing Claude's affairs, did ent, it is enough to say that I am fully that he was rather inclined to be su- not escape her attention, and, with an perstitious and give credence to the intuitive preception of the truth, she I have taken, and deeply grateful to wildest tales of the popular fancy. In was led to believe that some scheme that case, it might be hard to induce of the plotting lawyer was at the bothim to enter a house that is reported tom of her whole heart trouble.

She was not only confirmed in her suspicions, but a new cause of anxiety, to obtain the obituary of a prominent times, manifesting a marked politeness and attention whose import could not be mistaken, and on two or three occasions he had returned home with her father from the village in the evening, and passed a couple of hours in social converse. Such attentions as these could not be misinterpreted, and Rosa's anxiety was increased by the evidence she perceived that not only was there a plot to rob her of her old lover but also to give her a new one.

Her nature was not an aggressive or complaining one. It was her disposition to suffer and endure rather than to oppose and protest. Full of appre hension and dread, she yet resolved to quitely waif events until her fears became more clearly resolved and her duty more apparent. Meantime, she wrote to Claude again, complaining of his silence, and desiring to know the collusion with the postmaster, her own letters had been confiscated by her fathers as well as those of Claude.

The truth was that Anthony Sayrook had succeeded in so thoroughly working on the prejudices of the old farmer as to greatly intensify his antipathy to Claude. Knowing his utter ignorance of art and inability to appreciate Claude's ambition, he frequent. ature of the time. The glowing destemples, the comments on the glitter and luxury of Venitian life, and the lively accounts of carnivals and festicals, all tended to convince the unsophisticated farmer that Claude was leading a life of wildest dissipation and extravagance. And as the shrewd lawyer was not above adding a word or world that they forget the work lying an equivocal meaning to some inno- have another great meeting to-night," cent or indiscreet phrase, the virtuous indignation of the stern and wrongheaded old man was wrought up to the highest point. He considered that visit to Mr. Ronk, the postmaster, and

regulations were new and crude, so that no one in the community would have perceived anything : rregular in a parent confiscating the letters between a daughter and an objectionable suitor. The reports soon spread around the neighborhood that Claude was leading a most disreputable life in Europe, and the Saybrooks, father and son, by many cunning devices, in many ways added to the popular gossip.

### [To be constaued.]

Dyspepsia is one of the most common causes of baldness. Nature is a great economizer, and when the nutrient elements furnished by the blood are insufficient to properly support the whole body she cuts off the supply to parts the least vital, like the hair and nails, that the heart, lungs, and other vital organs may be better nourished. In cases of severe fevers this economy is particularly noticeable. A single hair is a sort of history of the physical condition of an individual during the time it has been growing, if one could read closely enough. Take a hair from the beard or from the head and scrutinize it and you will see that it shows some attenuated places, indicating that at some period of its growth the blood supply was deficient from over-

work, anxiety, or under feeding. The hair falls out when the strength of its roots is insufficient to sustain its weight any longer, and a new hair will take its place unless the root is diseased. For this reason each person has a certain definite length of hair. When the hair begins to split or fall out massage of the scalp is excellent. Place the tips of the fingers firmly upon the scalp and then vibrate or move the scalp while holding the pressure steadily. This will stimulate the blood vessels underneath and bring about better nourishment of the hair. A brush of unevenly tufted bristles is also excellent to use upon the scalp, not the hair.-{Hall's Journal of Health.

### "Shall Women Woo?"

There are few problems of special interest to women, and therefore to all the world (of which woman is the autocrat), about which Kate Field has not something to say that is worth hearing. She is now trying to solve the problem, "Shall women woo?" and here are a few of her strokes: According to our rather curious system it is perfectly consistent with human dignity to ask another for honor, affection, devotion-all the most precious things in life—but it is not permitted to be indebted for material necessities. In a nominal state of society man is the bread winner, and can ask a woman to share his loaf without loss of selfrespect. Suppose, however, the proposal of marriage devolves upon the woman? She is placed in the awk ward position of a suppliant for material benefits. Why this should be ignominious is by no means easy to explain, but who will venture to dispute the facts?

Compare the mental constitution of the two sexes. Here it would seem for a moment as if so delicate an office might wisely be given to women. A man reaches a decision by a process of reason, pler and directer method of intuition. No one pretends to urge that reason is of any use at all in the direction of the affections. But, on the other hand, woman lacks to a marked degree the mental quality of single mindedness. As she reconsiders her answers, and so has made proverbial "a worman's no "so she might take to reconsidering her suit, which would lead to all sorts of embarrassments.

Nearer Right Than He Thought. "Whom are you going to interview tonight?" was asked of the facetious young reporter as he emerged to the street the

"Im on my way to interview a dead man," was the unfeeling reply, and the young man proceeded to the house of a well known lawyer, where he expected citizen. Entering the house in a solemn manner he asked the lawyer in a subdued

"Can you give me an obituary of the late Colonel Blank?"

"Why, my dear sir," was the reply, "the Colonel is-I say, Colonel," shouted, "here's a man after your obitu-

"Well, well," said a military gentleman, entering the room, "he can't have my obituary, no, sir; he'll have to wait awhile, sir." And the reporter hurriedly explained that a horrible mistake must have been made, not by him. oh, no, but by some one "in the office."

## One Old Shoe.

We have been shown a curious shoe. owned by N. B. Bunker of Newburyport. It was found in an old house recently demolished, which was built in 1700. The upper is of calfskin and closed with wax reason of it. She little knew that, by thread. The sole and heel are of one piece and made of wood. The upper is fastened to the sole with common iron tacks, the edge of the sole being mortised the thickness of the upper leather to. receive it. Across the toe the tacks are brass. On the under edge of the sole from the instep is a band of iron like a miniature horseshoe, channeled to receive the nails. The heel may have been ly read him passages from Claude's similarly shod, but if so it has been worn letters that were in the somewhat off and the wooden heel is well rounded strained and affected style of the liter- by wear. The shoe is fastened by an iron clasp, which in its day was somecriptions of art galleries, palaces and what ornamental. It is one of the curiosities of footwear, and we would like to know its history.

## At Home and Abread.

Some philanthropists are so busily engaged in endeavoring to regulate the even a phrase here and there to give ready to their hands. "We are going to said Chadband to Snagsby, "to protest against English tyranny in Ireland, Russian tyranny in Poland, Turkish tyranny henceforth he would be fully justified in-in some place or other, I forget the in resorting to any and every means name; and to protest in the name of the to stop communication of his daughter | Christian world against the cruel treatwith Claude, and to that end paid a meat of missionaries in China. Can't you come?" "I'm very sorry," returned secured co-operation in suppressing any Snagsby meekly, "but I promised to go further correspondence between the around this evening and help relieve the young couple. It was a day when de-

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